

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 333, Vol. 13.

March 15, 1862.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE FRENCH DEBATES.

THE peculiarities of French debates are partly attributable to the national character, but they also arise, to a certain extent, from the present condition of society and from the Imperial Constitution. During the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, orators of extraordinary power conducted political discussions with far more regularity and decorum than are observed in the Assemblies of the Empire, because they had more practical objects in view. No President of a Chamber would have thought of interrupting M. THIERS or M. ODILON BARROT in a criticism, however severe, either on the conduct of the Government or on the state of the law. It was after the Revolution of 1848 that M. DUPIN, as President of the National Assembly, set the bad example of interrupting the speakers of the minority in the avowed character of a political partisan. The ultra-Republicans were so unpopular that any epigram at their expense was applauded by the Assembly, and complacently repeated out of doors; but the impunity with which the President displayed his Conservative leanings was chiefly attributable to his own wit and imperturbable readiness. When one of the speakers of the minority had compared ROBESPIERRE to NERO, a Republican protest against the juxtaposition of names was silenced by M. DUPIN's inquiry whether the complaint was made on behalf of NERO. If he committed an injustice, he always maintained his intellectual superiority by making the injured champion of free debate ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. A Speaker who had acted in the same manner would have been summarily dismissed from his post, although he had combined the humour of SYDNEY SMITH with the wit of SHERIDAN. The unwilling citizens of a detested Republic, having no strong regard for their own institutions, were by no means solicitous to vindicate the impartiality of a presiding officer who took the right side in the controversy. M. DE MORNAY represents, in the Legislative Body, a stronger Government, but he is not, like M. DUPIN, supported by the genuine sympathy even of the colleagues who tolerate his eccentricities. He also differs from his predecessor by his want of that amusing facility which, more than any other quality, renders its possessor invulnerable in a war of words. Instead of launching a jest at an obnoxious speaker, M. DE MORNAY rates him like a schoolmaster, as when he lately provoked from M. OLIVIER the remark that he was not a professed teacher of grammar. Every French official thinks it his duty to interfere, on all possible occasions, in the transactions of a community which he holds to be incapable of taking care of itself. M. DE MORNAY insists, not only on being loyal himself, but on watching over the loyalty of others. His squabbles with M. PICARD and M. JULES FAVRE were whimsically wanting in dignity, and, on all occasions, M. DE MORNAY openly assumed the character of an Imperial functionary rather than that of a presiding Parliamentary officer. On one occasion, he even informed M. PICARD that his abuse of the liberty which had been allowed to the nation was not a strong encouragement to further concessions. The President of the Legislative Body betrays too incessantly the awkward consciousness that the first principles of the existing system are still open to dispute.

Notwithstanding the occasional oddity of the proceedings, the debate on the Address has been conducted with ability, both on the part of the scanty Opposition and in M. BAROCHE's official apologies. M. FAVRE showed, in an exhaustive speech, that there is no freedom of the press and no security for personal liberty, and that the elections are managed by the Government. The Minister answered, in substance, that the existing system was sanctioned by universal suffrage. An appeal to Cæsar, whether the despot is single or multitudinous, always furnishes a final and con-

clusive argument. It is true that universal suffrage is the basis of Imperial absolutism, and the Assembly may be right in thinking that the manipulation of Prefects is a smaller evil than the unguided caprices of the many-headed monster. M. FAVRE may complain with justice that the result which he denounces arises from a mockery of the popular vote. Provincial electors are prevented from forming committees, their communications with one another are interrupted, and the messengers who convey their circulars know that they incur the displeasure of the police. In the mean time, the name of the Government candidate appears on the official notifications of the Department, and all the innumerable dependents on the favour of the authorities are coerced into voting for the Imperial nominee. The Prefect of the Upper Rhine publicly announced that any mayor of a township who either supported the opposing candidate or was lax in influencing the votes of his neighbours, would be at once dismissed. It is surprising that such interference can be tolerated, but the incompetence of the constituency in some degree excuses the dictation practised by the Government. The privileged electoral body of the Restoration and of the Orleans dynasty might in some instances be corrupted, but it could not be coerced, and it had opinions of its own.

In 1848, M. HYPOLITE CARNOT, Minister of Public Instruction, publicly exhorted the people of France, then recently condemned to promiscuous suffrage, to send ignorant representatives to the Assembly, who could be trusted to vote as they were instructed by their betters. M. LEDRU ROLLIN, Minister of the Interior, at the same time authorized his disreputable commissaries to take the most active possible part in the forthcoming elections. The multitude, for once actuated by an intelligent resentment, answered the appeal of the triumphant demagogues by returning an Assembly which thought it a primary duty to abolish the universal suffrage from which it had itself proceeded. The first measure which followed on the establishment of a despotism was the restoration of the franchise which had been found practically incompatible with freedom. If the rabble must vote, it is as well that the vote should be nugatory, and that a body which is chosen by the least-instructed portion of the community should not be allowed to exercise political power. M. FAVRE and his allies may learn a valuable lesson from the interruptions of their antagonists, who accuse them of disrespect to universal suffrage whenever they protest against arbitrary excesses of power. The Empire is the opposite pole to the Red Republic, and both are equally remote from Constitutional Government. Some audacity is required on the part of M. BAROCHE and M. BILLAULT, when they taunt their former Republican associates with the sins of the Provisional Government; but the argument itself is perfectly legitimate, and as long as the advocates of a moderate representative system are silenced, there is no real case against the continuance of absolute monarchy. In the whole Legislative Body there appears not to be a single adherent of that regulated liberty which is more or less despairingly admired by all the best intellects in France.

It may be doubted whether the liberty of the press is really popular, and the discussions on the subject furnish a curious indication of the political condition of France. The theory of jurisdiction over the newspapers is in England wholly uninteresting, because, in modern times, a political prosecution of a journal is almost an impossible occurrence. No writer feels any temptation to use treasonable language, especially as he enjoys the fullest liberty of attacking the Government and of vilifying his native country. It is intelligible that, in the unsettled state of France, greater jealousy of journalism should prevail, and it is not surprising that the Government is unwilling to rely on the severity of juries. As M. BAROCHE observed, the arguments of

counsel in defence of alleged libels attain a wider circulation than the original passages. The same inconvenience is found in the theological prosecutions by which strait-laced English divines contrive to circulate unknown heresies among the simple-minded readers of religious papers. On the whole, it is impossible that a free press should exist without a free Government, or that a constitutional system should endure universal suffrage. The great majority of the Legislative Body naturally supported the Address, which, on this side the Channel, may be described as official, without fear of M. DE MORNY'S anger.

REIGNING AND GOVERNING.

CONSTITUTIONAL monarchs have often been told that it is their duty to reign, but not to govern. They are to be persons of good sound judgment, patient and pliable, who are to fill with dignity the part of returning officers, and to present authoritatively to the country the Ministers whom the National Assembly has selected. In some countries of Europe, this doctrine has been carried very happily and completely into practice. The Sovereign has been prudent and self-denying, and his choice has been so completely that of the nation, that no discord has for a moment marred the general harmony. In some of the minor German States, as, for instance, in Saxe-Weimar, the reigning Prince has steered his people alike through troubled and peaceful times, and has made the Constitution a living reality with the free action of which he has never interfered. But little States are protected from many embarrassments to which their larger neighbours are subject. They lie out of the range of the higher political interests of Europe, and if the subjects are tolerably quiet, and the Prince tolerably honest, there is often no occasion for crises which would bring the interests of Sovereign and people into collision. Where, however, there is more going on — where the country is the stage on which great issues are being decided, or where the course taken is of importance to many watchful neighbours — the Sovereign is tempted to govern a little as well as reign. We have learnt, under the happy and prudent reign with which we have been blest during the last quarter of a century, to treat Constitutional Government as a kind of heaven-made machine which will go of itself if it is only left alone. The annals of the times of GEORGE III. tell a very different tale, and the first thirty years of his reign may convince any one who chooses to study them that a constitutional monarch may keep within the limits of the Constitution, and yet play a part which renders Constitutional Government very difficult. Even if the KING does not actually govern, he is inevitably a great social dignity. His pleasure makes or unmakes the glory of fashion, and gives or withholds the prestige of successful canvassing for Court favour. He outlasts Ministry after Ministry, and each in turn can easily be forced to pay attention to the wishes of a person who holds its secrets as well as those of its rivals, and who can throw so many obstacles in the path of his enemies, and do so many good turns for his friends. Nor is a constitutional monarch without powerful temptations to interfere. He has inevitably his private friends. He has those who solace the hours of his leisure. He has his Tobacco Parliament as well as his Parliament of State. He has also the interest of sharing his chosen pursuit with those of kindred tastes. If he is a martinet, he likes to keep company with old military fogies. If he is a sportsman, he wants confidants with whom he may taste the inscrutable pleasure of remembering or imagining past feats in the saddle or with the gun. He is always able to command the attendance of a coterie of congenial spirits who fool him as much as he pleases. These persons, without necessarily having any sinister designs against the Constitution, of course like their hero to govern, and not merely to reign. They like to see their friends promoted, and the principles which they inherit or adopt carried to as high a point of triumph as is compatible with the maintenance of the state of things they find established. They do not aim at revolution or at the establishment of despotism, but they have the honour of knowing a real live sovereign of a considerable State, and they do not see the use of knowing him unless he will do them a kind turn every now and then, and will back up their order, or party, or sect. When this goes on in very little States, no one pays any great attention. But when any of the leading States of Europe is under the rule of a sovereign open to such influences, the KING may some day take to governing in a way that immediately awakens the interest of Europe, and makes the adherents of his Government acknowledge

that a Constitution does not always prevent a King governing as well as reigning, although the particular mode in which he is compelled to interfere unfortunately serves as a blind to conceal from him the consequences of the course he chooses to pursue.

Within the last week, two of the greatest constitutional monarchs of the Continent have shown that they can and will govern a little if they please, and in neither instance is the occasion of their interference quite what could be wished. The KING OF PRUSSIA has chosen to prevent his Ministry from retiring, and has compelled them to dissolve. This Ministry has long been desirous of resigning, for it consists of two sections too far removed in principles from each other to work well in concert. About half the Cabinet is composed of men who have accepted the policy of the reactionary party, so long triumphant in Prussia. The other half see what Prussia must be if she is to be great, and they are desirous of holding her out to Germany as a fitting head of the Liberal section in every State. These Liberal Ministers are supported by a large majority in the Lower House, and would be very glad if they could resign office, knowing that they would soon find their way back to power with a concordant Cabinet, and the good wishes of the nation. But the KING will not hear of their resignation. He does not choose to be bothered with the niceties of Parliamentary Government. All his immediate friends are military men, and he has no notion of commanding anything but a regiment. The Ministers to him are like subalterns. It is not for the ensigns, but for the colonel, to say who shall hold this post or execute that order. He will not tolerate the license of a Chamber that presumes to discuss questions that might embarrass him. The Minister has been ordered to check every symptom of independence in the bud. The members of the Lower House wished to clear Prussian policy from any connexion with the retention of Venetia by force. They considered it their duty to protest against the bondage in which the united strength of Austria and Prussia has for ten years or more kept the wretched inhabitants of Hesse-Cassel. But the Ministers would not tolerate such audacity. It was for the KING, and not for miserable Deputies, to determine whether the blood and money of Prussia should be lavished in the defence of Venetia. At last, the Chamber took what seems the very harmless step of asking that, when they voted the Budget, they might be assured the money voted for one object would not be applied to another and a wholly different one. This was too much for the KING, so he has sent them all back to the places from which they came; and the Government has issued a manifesto informing the electors that what has happened ought to be a warning to them, and that if they are wise they will now return none but prudent persons, who will encourage the KING and not thwart him, and who will represent the proper national belief that the KING knows far better than his subjects can do what is good for them. The KING, for the moment is master of the situation. He tells the Deputies to go, and they have to disperse — he tells his Ministers to stay, and they are obliged to hold office. He has governed as an old soldier would wish to govern, and Prussia is made to see that her Sovereign does really reign by the Grace of God.

VICTOR EMMANUEL has also done something more than reign. He has dismissed a very proud, upright, and unpopular person, and got a man more to his own taste. It was, unless rumour is very wrong, the companions of the KING'S leisure hours who brought about this change. They happened to be well inclined to M. RATTAZZI, and did not like to see their friend kept out of office. So, for a long time, the KING has been prompted to insist on having RATTAZZI in the Cabinet. At one time, Baron RICASOLI was not disinclined to accept the co-operation of a ready, influential, and adroit colleague. But before the proper distribution of offices was arranged, M. RATTAZZI set off to Paris, and had his interview with the EMPEROR; and Baron RICASOLI did not like this. The visit might not mean anything wrong, but Italy could scarcely call herself independent if her Ministers were summoned to Paris to take directions before they entered on their official duties. As Baron RICASOLI would not accept M. RATTAZZI as a colleague, it was determined he should have him as a successor. The KING was worked on, and all those who were dissatisfied with Baron RICASOLI were worked on. They could not be induced openly to desert a Minister of whom the nation felt proud, and in whom it had a deserved confidence; but they were induced to lend just that sort of support which makes a Minister distrust his own position. The moment at last arrived when the efforts of the Palace coterie were rewarded; and, at the critical instant, an

intimation is said to have been received from France that a substitution of RATTAZZI for RICASOLI would meet with the hearty approbation of VICTOR EMMANUEL's big friend. So Baron RICASOLI has had to retire; and Italy has passed under the sway of a Minister who can go up the back-stairs as well as the front-stairs of the Palace whenever he pleases. M. RATTAZZI may be an honest as well as an able man, and it is possible he may keep without discredit the position he has won. But VICTOR EMMANUEL has taken a very strong step by interfering in this way, and apparently has taken it to serve very paltry ends. His exercise of constitutional authority may alter the destiny of his country for many generations. It is a great risk for a monarch to thrust on the nation a Minister who has the credit of obsequiousness to a foreign Power. It may be wise, if an extreme necessity demands it, but as far as we know, it has been done, not because it was unavoidable, but simply because it was acceptable to a very small clique. A despot with a hardened conscience and an irresistible army could hardly do more by a single act to commit the nation over which he ruled than VICTOR EMMANUEL has done by availing himself of a power which the Constitution indisputably permitted him to exercise. He did not even actually turn the Ministers out. He only let it be known that he would willingly see them go; and yet, by this very slight interference, he has hazarded many of the things which it has cost Italy so much trouble to win. If the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT needed any new testimonial to the value of what we have lost, Englishmen might find it in two such remarkable instances of the errors from which the PRINCE's wisdom and honour so long contributed to protect the greatest of constitutional monarchies.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS is quite right, while acknowledging the serious character of the reverses which the Confederate arms have sustained, in expressing confidence, in both his recent Messages; but even if he is really in earnest, he has no means of proving his sincerity. State papers may contain damaging admissions, but they furnish no evidence of the genuineness of the sanguine convictions which they sometimes profess. Whether the Confederate Government intends to fight or to negotiate, a bold front is one of the primary conditions of success. The Southern President wisely abstains from the use of a boastful tone which would have contrasted unpleasantly with the recent defeats of his troops; and his assertion that the restoration of the Union is impossible will be vindicated or falsified by events, according to the greater or less obstinacy of the weaker party in the struggle. Either from want of suitable arms, or through lukewarmness in the cause of Secession, the Confederates have fought badly of late, nor has the skill of the generals compensated for the slackness of the soldiers. If Fort Donnellson was untenable, it ought not to have been held by a garrison which had apparently not even the alternative of a timely retreat. A hole with one outlet is always an undesirable position, and it is evident that, as General FLOYD effected his escape, the place could not have been surrounded by the enemy. A similar blunder seems to have been committed at Roanoke, but a wiser course appears to have been adopted at Columbus. General PRICE, whom the Northern papers taunt with the rapidity of his retreats, shows that he understands the art of war better than the commander at Fort Donnellson. The plan of harassing a superior enemy by continual advances, followed by retreats as soon as he offers battle, is more military than the sacrifice of isolated detachments by shutting them up in forts where relief is impossible.

The best excuse for the Southern leaders under the reverses which their President so explicitly acknowledges, is to be found in the circumstance that the Confederate Government "has attempted more than it had the power to achieve," and that they are only now ceasing to act on the offensive against their powerful adversary. The battle of Springfield was fought to cover an advance into the free States of the North-West, and the lines on the Potomac still almost command the windows of the White House at Washington. Of the Border States, Virginia remains their own, although they have lost the greater part of Kentucky and the Northern district of Tennessee. It may be urged that they have done enough in holding the debatable land for a year, and in their own central dominions they are still untouched. Their army—which, according to Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, consists of 400 regiments of infantry, with a proportionate force of cavalry, and which he states will prob-

ably be greatly increased within thirty days,—has never been defeated on a large scale, and it is possible that General BEAUREGARD may yet try the fortune of a battle with the main army of the West. As long as the Confederates can hold out, every day brings the period of Northern bankruptcy nearer, and experience will show that, although a country may be defended gratuitously, it is impossible to conduct a great campaign of invasion without money. The Southern cause is by no means hopeless if the Seceders are determined not to submit; but if they abandon their principles on the first turn of fortune, it can only be said that, in levity of opinion and conduct, they transcend even their former fellow-citizens. The rumours of enthusiasm shown for the Union in Kentucky and Tennessee are neither trustworthy nor important. It is highly probable that there was in many of the States a strong feeling against disruption, and it is more certain that in every dispute numerous converts are ready to desert to the stronger side. It is immaterial whether the Southern population was unanimous, for the dominant party was either sufficiently numerous or sufficiently energetic not only to overpower but to silence opposition. Of all the apocryphal patriots who are supposed to have wept for joy on the return of the Stars and Stripes, not one, on the eve of the Secession, gave a vote for LINCOLN. When State after State withdrew from the Union, some dissentients may have urged that the movement was unnecessary or premature, but the United States then meant a Federation in which Southern wishes and interests had long reigned without contradiction. The flag which has once more penetrated the Western border of the Slave States is now that of a bitter enemy, who has inflicted enormous evils on the entire South. Wherever resistance is impossible, conquered districts will submit, but the Confederate States can scarcely have been for so long a period merely playing with rebellion. Should the fire burn out suddenly, a new proof would be afforded of the boasted exemption of America from liability to the judgment of foreigners. An unaccountable peace might in that case end a war which would have proved itself wholly unintelligible.

The lively imagination of the North is already overleaping the mere revival of the Union. The insurgents, who were a short time ago denounced as the worst of criminals, are now almost regarded with favour in their hypothetical character of reclaimed penitents. The boldest speculators go so far as to prophesy that JEFFERSON DAVIS himself will be preferred at the next Presidential election to ninety and nine Republican candidates who require no forgiveness; and the questionable exploits of the garrison of Fort Donnellson are recorded with the complacent admiration which has hitherto been reserved for Federal valour. In the renewed affection of the North for the South, it is not wonderful that the unfortunate negro is at once thrown over as a peace offering. When the united million of veterans march in triumph across Canada or Mexico, it would be ungenerous to recall forgotten jealousies by stirring the disagreeable question of slavery. Only the fanatical Abolitionists continue to preach that doctrine of emancipation which was lately declared to be the purpose and moral of the war. It must be acknowledged that, when the friends of the negro propose that the slaveowners should be deported to Africa, they fully justify the general contempt which, after a short interval of popularity, is once more clouding their prospects. The general reaction in favour of the Seceders, though it is probably founded on a false assumption, is so far beneficial that it diminishes the improbability of peace. Whatever excited multitudes may believe, responsible politicians must still be aware that their success bears on the real object of the war by facilitating the acquisition of an advantageous frontier. If the army of the Potomac can force its way Southward, the Federal Government may fairly claim the greater part of the disputed Border States; and the Southern leaders might not be unwilling to entertain such an offer, if they could secure the guarantees for slavery which would probably be attainable in the present temper of their opponents.

The presumptuous confidence of the Federalists may, perhaps, place some obstacles in the way of judicious negotiation, for the entire conquest of the seceding States is commonly regarded as imminent. Wiser counsels, however, may, with the aid of tact and caution, easily be made to prevail. The national vanity may be taught to dwell on the great results which will have been attained, if the Free-soil frontier is pushed far into the heart of the slaveholding regions; and it will be easy to hold out hopes of a further return to allegiance, when the Gulf States find that their

inherent strength is insufficient to protect their independence. When the Spaniards, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, recovered Brabant and Flanders, they never doubted that Holland and Zealand would ultimately follow the example of their neighbours. The recovery of a part of the lost territory would suggest similar hopes for the remainder. Whatever may be the future destiny of the cotton-growing States, it is highly desirable that the war should come to an end, and that sanguine hopes should be cherished if they tend to promote the essential result. The most besotted patriot of the North must by this time be convinced that Europe has, with a generous scruple, respected the blockade which has deranged half the trade of the world; and the national self-esteem could scarcely be disturbed if commerce were at last permitted to follow its natural course. It would be for the advantage of all parties that peace should be made, and the success of the stronger combatant would enable both the North and the South to engage in negotiation without any loss of honour.

THE IRISH LORD OF THE TREASURY.

THE Irish LORD of the TREASURY is like the snakes in Ireland. There is none, and the reason why there is none is well worth considering. The Ministry are obliged to go without an Irish LORD of the TREASURY, because he must be in the House, and there is no Irish supporter of the Ministry who dare face his constituents. Colonel LUKE WHITE was selected to hold the office because it was thought, that if any seat was safe, it was his; and yet he was beaten out of the field by the priests. Such a thing never happened before in our Parliamentary history, that in one of the three Kingdoms a Ministry should not be able to command a single seat. The Protestant towns of the North of Ireland are connected by ties of very long standing with the Tory party, and the Catholics who used to support the Whigs have now turned against a Ministry that is, as they think, conspiring to dethrone the Head of their religion. Even those Catholic members who are not averse to the establishment of Italian independence cannot have their own way. They must either obey the priests or be prepared to lose their seats. And the strong feeling of the Irish priests seems to get fiercer and fiercer. They are not daunted by the apathy which the great Catholic Powers have shown in the matter. They are inspired with all the fury of a triumphant faction, and, as they can enable either party in England to command a majority, they are determined to use their strength. They may not have a very clear idea what their friends, if in office, could do for them, but at any rate it is better to have friends than foes in power, and they are resolved not to accept such a degree of neutrality in Italian affairs as Lord PALMERSTON's Cabinet exhibits, as a sufficient tribute to their claims. The absence of an Irish LORD of the TREASURY from the Ministerial benches is, therefore, a sign of something much more important than it would usually indicate. It is a sign that a majority, which might be at least numerically considerable, is ready for Lord DERBY if he chooses to accept it. Lord PALMERSTON would have little to gain if he tried a dissolution in case of defeat. Recent elections in England show that parties are so nicely balanced, and that the constituencies are so much more influenced by local considerations than by any interest in national policy, that the most the Ministry could hope would be to stand as well in England as they do now. In Ireland, their party would in all probability be buried in a sudden ruin that would scarcely leave such respectable wrecks as Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE behind. The Irish priests, banded together by their keen interest in a question as to which they make the implicit obedience of their flocks a matter of strict religious duty, can revive the glorious days when O'CONNELL's tail supplied Lord MELBOURNE's Cabinet with the means of protracting a miserable existence. Lord DERBY evidently does not think the pear quite ripe yet, and he has too much good feeling to add to the labours and troubles of the QUEEN in the first few months of her widowhood, by subjecting her to the anxieties which a change of Ministry involves. But the kindest of leaders cannot always keep his party waiting, and the best of good resolutions may fade away before the temptation of defeating political opponents. It might even be a perceptible, though a trivial, pleasure to Lord DERBY to have a Chancellor on the woolsack who did not treat him as a bullying Queen's Counsel treats an ignorant and unknown junior.

The only thing is, that a Conservative Minister who entered office on the strength of a majority furnished by the Irish priests would be much in the position of the man in

the *Arabian Nights* who opened the casket from which a column of steam rose into the form of a terrific giant. It would be easy to open the casket of Irish support, but it might be very difficult to know what to do with the monster concealed in it. If once the boroughs of England and Scotland came to be persuaded that a Ministry was in office which was pledged to support the POPE and to crush Italian liberty, there would be such a storm as we have not seen for many years. That, at the crisis of the fortunes of Italy, and at the moment when half the Protestants of England are inclined to believe that the great battle of Armageddon is to be fought, England should take the wrong side and follow Major O'REILLY and his colleagues in the field of some new Castel Fidardo, would seem intolerable. If the Catholic priests back their friends, why should not the Protestants back theirs? At present, religious animosity, as between Catholics and Protestants, is happily asleep in England, because the members of the dominant creed are anxious to do nothing but justice to those who differ from them. But they would not sit like lambs patiently surveying the triumphs of a Catholic wolf. If distrust was once inspired in that independence of Catholic dictation which an English Ministry is expected to maintain, the strength of English feeling would soon begin to display itself. So long as an Irish league only attempted to enforce a particular policy with regard to Ireland, its dictation, though submitted to with irritation, and with an increasing desire to get rid of it, was accepted as having some plausible ground for existing. But Irish dictation, exerted to undo the work of England in Italy, and to prevent the Papacy from running its natural course of humiliation, would be very different. People would not have to complain of the dullness of the House and of the newspapers if such a thing were tried. Major O'REILLY may, perhaps, be the coming man who is destined to restore its proper interest to political life, and their habitual agitation to political gossips. Nor would it be only the fire of religious bigotry and animosity that would be kindled. The Italian question has an interest for many who distrust the outbursts of popular Protestantism, and who are sensible of the cost at which so vast and ancient an ecclesiastical organization as that of Rome is endangered. Many Englishmen, who have no great enmity to the Papacy, are stirred to their inmost hearts by the miseries which the Papal Government brings on its subjects, and by the awful waste of human happiness which a successful reaction in Italy would be certain to cause. The unanimity with which the independent portion of the press supports the cause of Italy, is a sufficient indication of the views on the subject which the liberal and educated minority entertain. The threat of an English interference on behalf of the Papacy and its sovereign allies in Italy, at the bidding of the Irish priests, would arouse into activity the great latent strength of two forces that are not dependent on any Ministry for their existence or their power—the force of Protestant conviction, and the force of educated opinion. We have not the slightest doubt that their concurrent opposition would render the position of a Minister untenable who was inclined to rely on an Irish alliance; but there would be some very pretty fighting before the contest was decided, and no one would have to complain that a public meeting was the absurdity it now is, or that the House of Commons could hardly spin out its dreary debates till dinner-time.

We do not, however, think that it is the least likely that Lord DERBY will give any pledges of support to the Irish priests. He could not reckon on his own English followers if he did, as there is scarcely any social or political inconvenience they would find more galling than that of being at the mercy of Irish members. He will not quarrel with the men who give the real dignity and consistency, such as it is, to his party. He can do no more for his Catholic friends than inspire them with a belief that he is secretly determined their chief shall come to the least possible amount of harm. But it so happens that he can do something which will conciliate them, and yet not, perhaps, offend his Protestant supporters. He can advocate the plausible doctrine which he has more than once defended, that the interests of England require that the temporal power of the POPE should be retained in order to prevent the intrigues of a person who, if not a sovereign prince, would be a mere instrument of some foreign king or emperor. This is a doctrine that has long been held by English statesmen, and years ago it might have been true. In these days, we do not think it tenable for a moment. The POPE is not, except in name, an independent prince. He is under the protection of a foreign Emperor; and if he now repays his protector with

insult, he would probably be able to do that whether he was a sovereign prince or not. In old days, too, the Roman population was, so far as we knew in England, very tolerably contented. Now, the Roman people is in the last stage of justifiable discontent, and it is monstrous that we should aid in keeping them miserable in order that a very remote and contingent advantage may accrue to England. But every traditional doctrine of English statesmanship has a sort of dignity and weight long after it has ceased to be true, and a skilful Minister in Lord DERBY's position might make good use of a theory that would give the Catholics exactly what they want, and would persuade Protestants that this very thing was a cunning device for keeping Catholics harmless. So long, therefore, as the fate of the Papacy and of Italy were mere matters of speculation, Lord DERBY might keep his majority together, and might do much to discourage the Italians, without raising any question that would awaken the susceptibility of religious opinion in England. But the day must come when something more than speculation will determine who is to rule at Rome. The French EMPEROR is thought by those who know him best to be getting rapidly tired of a position which brings him so much annoyance. Lord DERBY could scarcely take office without expecting that, unless his Ministry was not to last longer than the few months during which he has hitherto managed to keep his ground, some event must arise which would force him to show the Irish priests the sort of support they are really to expect from him. It is easy to guess that he would rather lose them than lose the allegiance of his party in England. He would throw them overboard: and then, perhaps, a Liberal Ministry might flourish again with a majority rather larger than that very uncertain majority of about ten which Lord PALMERSTON is supposed to command at present. When the Irish priests found that both parties were equally untrustworthy, they might once more permit a Whig Lord of the Treasury to represent the special interests of their country in the minor official world.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

SENSITIVE Italians are almost as much annoyed by the incessant criticism of England as by the supercilious patronage of France. The extreme anxiety which is expressed, in Parliament and in the press, whenever an accusation is made against the Government of Turin, undoubtedly proceeds from eager sympathy for the new member of the family of nations. There is a feeling that, after helping to introduce Italy into the first European circles, England is bound to exercise the supervision of a chaperon over any casual blunder or impropriety. Unluckily, however, the solicitude of parents and guardians too often meets with an ungrateful return, and when the airs of tutelage are gratuitously assumed, they are sometimes resented by the impatience of youth. It is said that Baron RICASOLI was deeply offended, not so much by Lord DERBY's accusation of undue severity in Southern Italy as by Lord RUSSELL's hypothetical assumption of the right and duty of reprobation. A proclamation to forbid all residence in a certain district has a severe or perhaps a barbarous sound; but if there were an insurrection in France, the English Government would never dream of remonstrating against acts of vigour, nor has Lord RUSSELL himself ventured to object to any of the political eccentricities of the American Government, unless they seemed to come into collision with English interests or with international law. The best excuse for debates on the internal affairs of Italy is to be found in the impossibility of silencing Lord NORMANBY, and it might be plausibly urged that, after an habitual censorship on the KING of NAPLES, Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues may think themselves bound to be impartially disagreeable in their intercourse with his successor.

The remarks of political writers are less offensive, and yet it may be doubted whether the English criticisms on the late change of Ministry have been altogether acceptable. Italy has a King and a Constitution of her own, and foreigners are not supposed to have a right to interfere between them. The dismissal of RICASOLI seems to have been in some degree a job, and it was undoubtedly accelerated by foreign intrigue, but if the Parliament and the country think fit to accept RATTAZZI, no stranger is entitled to find fault with the proceeding. The publicity of all modern transactions is a serious inconvenience, inasmuch as it brings all political affairs under the censure of the contemporary posterity which is to be found abroad. When the

Duke of PORTLAND was dismissed by GEORGE III., or Lord MELBOURNE by WILLIAM IV., the domestic dissatisfaction of the losing party was not obscurely expressed, but, in former days, foreigners took no cognisance of similar complications, and no Continental journalist even now rivals the freedom and vehemence with which Englishmen habitually discuss the affairs of their neighbours. A French or Italian critic would have been told that the KING has a constitutional right to dismiss a Minister, and his informants would have considered that farther explanation of the controversy would have been at the same time unprofitable and undeserved. At present, Italians may not improbably feel inclined to give a similar answer to expressions of condolence on the fall of RICASOLI.

In one respect, Italy has a certain resemblance to England, inasmuch as rival leaders must adopt or profess a policy which is essentially the same. RATTAZZI, though he is acceptable at the Tuileries, announces the very intentions which have been repeatedly proclaimed by his immediate predecessor. He undertakes to maintain the unity of Italy, and to labour for the acquisition of the national capital; and, although he announces a frugal administration of the public expenditure, he is prepared to make an exception in favour of the army and the navy. It is even more surprising that, notwithstanding the irritation which was produced by RICASOLI's apology for the patriotic clubs, RATTAZZI is endeavouring to purchase the friendship of GARIBALDI by the reconstitution of the Southern army. All Ministers who hope to secure public confidence must be prudent, conservative, and prospectively ambitious. No Government could safely threaten immediate action with respect to Rome and Venice, but it would be still more unpopular to acquiesce in the present condition of things as a permanent Italian system. The nation instinctively requires both time to prepare and a sufficient object for preparation; and while no judicious politician wishes to see GARIBALDI at the head of affairs, every statesman who hopes to retain power must conciliate the favourite national hero. It follows that the least forward and energetic of patriots are the loudest in their professions, and it may well happen that they will go farthest in their acts. RATTAZZI has much suspicion to contend with, both in his domestic and foreign relations, and he therefore commences his administration by promising to arm the country. RICASOLI was not equally pressed to prove his sincerity, and he made it his first object to direct public attention to Rome, which is not at present to be recovered by arms. It is not impossible that the new Minister may be thoroughly earnest in his belief that Italian interests are most effectually promoted by a close alliance with France.

That his accession to power may be acceptable at the Palace is not in itself a disadvantage. Although the KING is supposed to have precipitated the fall of a statesman whom he regarded as personally obnoxious, there is every reason to believe that he is as thoroughly in earnest with respect to the national cause as the most zealous of his subjects. He probably prefers a Minister who will abstain from interference in his private affairs, and who will maintain the proper show of deference to the Crown; but his whole career refutes the suspicion that he has sought to procure an instrument for a selfish and retrograde policy. The causes of the change of Ministry are either indicated or explained by RICASOLI himself with a straightforward simplicity which is the opposite of the well-known French official style. Confining himself, as he significantly observed, to strictly Parliamentary reasons, he said that he had not met with the support to which he considered himself entitled. The Chambers had on more than one occasion given him a vote of confidence, but he could not command a majority on particular questions, and, above all, the leaders of different parties had obstinately refused to join his Cabinet. It was not in his nature to continue in a position so false, and accordingly he tendered a resignation which perhaps only anticipated a dismissal. Every word of his short explanation involved a censure on those who heard it, and yet the Chamber acknowledged the worth and the greatness of the retiring Minister by enthusiastic applause. It is well for Italy that the most prominent leaders of the nation present fitting types of dignity and virtue. The generous and romantic GARIBALDI is the ideal hero of the people, and CAVOUR and RICASOLI have helped to proclaim the rightful supremacy of intellect and of character. While two or three generations of the youth of France have been perverted and vulgarized by the worship of selfish craft and force, Italians are learning to acknowledge, at least in theory, that merit is nobler than success.

It is unlucky that GARIBALDI cannot always be fighting for his country against appalling odds. He would be better employed in the field than in presiding, even with exemplary moderation, over meetings which propose universal suffrage and the recall of MAZZINI. Democratic ambition is the most fatal enemy of freedom, and it is the most remarkable characteristic of the Italian revolution that it has been made by gentlemen. The educated classes were the principal victims of Austrian or Neapolitan tyranny, and they naturally stood alone in their resistance to the mischievous predominance of the priests. The mass of the population may boast in turn that, following its natural leaders in a great enterprise, it has not attempted to gratify a merely selfish ambition by grasping suddenly at political power. RICASOLI would always have firmly resisted the pretensions of demagogues, and the principal risk involved in RATTAZZI's comparative pliancy consists in the possibility that he may be induced to weaken the Constitution by an undue concession of political privileges.

BELLIGERENT RIGHTS AND MR. HORSFALL'S RESOLUTION.

MANY excellent reasons have been given, in and out of Parliament, for not pressing the Government to negotiate with foreign Powers for the entire exemption from capture of private property at sea, but nobody seems to have assigned the strongest reason for regarding such an attempt as a waste of diplomacy. The simple truth is, there is not a shadow of a chance that foreign communities will listen to the proposal. Mr. HORSFALL and his friends have entirely forgotten to take into account the operation of the law of blockade and its certain effects on the new international code which they seek to establish. They calculate that our country will be an immense gainer by having its ships at sea relieved from the risk of seizure, and they seem to suppose that the corresponding immunity offered to other nations will compensate them for abandoning the power of capturing English vessels. But, if private property at sea is to be sacred under every flag, what would be the position of a nation which went to war with Great Britain? British merchantmen and British merchandise would traverse every sea secure from molestation, but not a bale of the enemy's goods would ever leave his harbours, and not a pound of the commodities he most needed would be permitted to enter them. In former wars, we have blockaded every single trading port of every one of the countries which there is the smallest chance of our having for enemies, and they, at all events, regard it as extremely probable that we can do again what we did before. Indeed, under the system proposed, we should have tenfold our former facilities for blockading. In the present situation of belligerent rights, numbers of English men-of-war must, in the event of hostilities, be employed in convoying merchantmen, and in watching for privateers and cruising frigates; but Mr. HORSFALL's new rules would set free the whole British navy to seal up every inlet in the enemy's sea-line, while they would leave the whole ocean open to British commerce. The proposal may be summarily set aside as one which no rationally-conducted foreign Government would entertain, and which scarcely any English Minister would have the face to offer.

The Resolution before the House of Commons is a good illustration of the blindness and precipitancy with which certain politicians in this country follow an American lead. Mr. HORSFALL probably, and Mr. COBDEN certainly, have taken the idea of this change in international law from a counter-proposal made by the United States in answer to the overture of the European Powers who concluded the Treaty of Paris. Mr. MARCY, on the part of the American PRESIDENT, declined to give up the right of issuing letters of marque to privateers; but, feeling doubtless that the refusal was ungraceful and even odious, he offered to accede to an arrangement for altogether exempting private property at sea from warlike capture. The Congress was dissolved, and the proposal had to be considered by the European Powers separately; but before very long the Government of the United States was filled with misgivings about the step it had taken. It took the advice of some of the first international lawyers in the country, who soon enlightened it on the nature of its own suggestion. Mr. LAWRENCE, the Editor of *Wheaton*, and others represented that Mr. MARCY had omitted to consider those very consequences of the law of blockade which we have pointed out; and, if American authorities are to be believed, the result was that the

proposal for giving complete immunity to private property was formally withdrawn by Mr. MARCY's successor, General CASS. It is true that Mr. SEWARD renewed Mr. MARCY's offer, and even intimated his willingness to sign the Declaration of Paris; but Mr. SEWARD was distinctly bargaining for the abandonment of the neutrality maintained by this country between the Confederate States and the Federation. No doubt, if we choose to treat the Confederate cruisers as pirates, we may even now obtain the accession of the United States to Mr. HORSFALL's new code; but it would be absurd to propose it to any Power which is not compelled to mortgage its rights for a momentary advantage. France or Russia, Holland or Spain, would scout it; and the United States, if once relieved from their present extremities, would repudiate it as they did before. The most favourable answer we could expect would come in the shape of an offer to accept it on condition that the power of blockade and the right to confiscate contraband were simultaneously surrendered, which would be the same thing as suggesting that England should submit to having her right arm cut off.

Sir GEORGE LEWIS's publications show that, among the many grave subjects which have occupied his attention, he has made a profound study of international law. This special acquaintance with the subject explains a peculiarity of the excellent speech he delivered the other evening, which would otherwise not be very intelligible—we mean the rather over-technical character of his propositions. He seems to have caused considerable consternation, both in the House and outside it, by stating that all treaties are put an end to by the outbreak of hostilities, and by suggesting that the Declaration appended to the Treaty of Paris would fare like all similar instruments, so far as concerned any of the signatories who should go to war with one another. As to the principle enunciated, there cannot be the smallest doubt. That war breaks up all treaty engagements is a direct consequence of the fiction, or theory, on which international law reposes. At the same time, the rule is one which Publicists, in modern times at all events, have sought to narrow as much as possible, and, singularly enough, the best diplomatists have occasionally forgotten it. In the early days of the Crimean war, a disputant in one of the newspapers, who argued (no doubt erroneously) that treaties were only suspended by hostilities, succeeded in showing that Lord PALMERSTON, when he protested against the marriage of the QUEEN of SPAIN's sister, had appealed to a treaty which ought, on principle, to be regarded as no longer in existence. Though the jurists have not overlooked the rule, they seem to have regarded it with no favour. An exception to it was early established in the case of what are called *transitory* conventions—that is, treaties providing for the event of war as well as of peace, and obviously intended by the contracting parties to be, at the most, suspended by a rupture. Still more recently, the Supreme Court of the United States, which in its best days was a high authority on international law, used language implying that conventions which aim at regulating the state of war are not affected by hostilities; and hence the best American writers lay down that there is nothing paradoxical in the Treaty of 1794 between the United States and Great Britain, which binds either country, in case of war, to abstain from sequestering or confiscating investments in its public funds belonging to the subjects of the other belligerent. As the Paris Declaration on maritime law expressly contemplates a state of war in the article which abolishes privateering, it is difficult, on the whole, to believe that the Courts of any civilized country would regard it as abolished by a rupture even between belligerents; and Sir GEORGE LEWIS himself admits that it is binding on the honour of their Governments. It may be added that its very form would render a departure from it especially odious. The law of nations is not, in general, susceptible of improvement by legislation. It depends for its advancement on tacit accommodation to the progressive morality of each successive age. But though the Legislature of the civilized world, in which every single community ought to be represented, has never yet assembled, the Congress of Paris was a very near approach to its assembling. It would be more than ordinarily disgraceful if any of the Powers which joined in constituting it should take advantage of the absence of the United States from its deliberations to reject the obligation of its enactments in conflicts from which the United States should stand aloof.

ITALY AND HER CENSORS.

IN the absence of business of more immediate domestic interest, the House of Lords is utilizing its leisure by a thorough study of the condition-of-Italy question; and there seems to be every probability that Parliament will soon be as well acquainted with the political and social state of the remotest districts of the peninsula as of Middlesex and Yorkshire. It is gratifying to think that, thanks to the indefatigable moral supervision which Lord DERBY and his friends feel it their duty to exercise over the military police of King VICTOR EMMANUEL's dominions, there is little serious danger that the gangs of ruffians who rob and murder in Southern Italy under distinguished ecclesiastical auspices will be suppressed by measures of unjustifiable severity. Humanity has only to regret that a similar microscopic censorship cannot be conveniently instituted into the proceedings of other Governments which are troubled with intestine disorders, and are reputed to be not over nice in their ways of dealing with them. It would be satisfactory to have weekly reports on the doings of Austrian functionaries in Venetia and Hungary, and to be kept well posted up in the statistics of arbitrary arrests and military executions in Poland—not to speak of the extra-legal excesses of which Imperial authority is sometimes accused nearer to our own shores. But, of course, the responsibilities of philanthropy are limited by its powers and opportunities, and it would be inexpedient to assert a Parliamentary protectorate over the oppressed subjects of ancient allies or formidable rivals. It is sufficient that Italy is imperfectly consolidated, and has powerful ill-wishers, and is largely dependent on the moral sympathy and support of a European opinion which would be outraged by exceptional displays of executive rigour. The inference is obvious, that she ought to be compelled to make herself a model of mild and moderate administration under difficulties. One might, indeed, desire, in the general interests of morality, that a portion of the virtuous indignation which is too exclusively concentrated on the real or imaginary misdeeds of the Italian Government could be reserved for the Legitimate and priestly patrons of that organised brigandage which might almost tempt the most righteous and merciful of rulers into worse than questionable acts. Yet we cannot have everything, and it is always something gained if the obligations of justice and humanity can be sternly enforced on one of the parties to a conflict. The English Opposition leaders would doubtless have added to the moral weight of their recent strictures on certain proclamations reported to have been issued by the military authorities in the disturbed districts of Southern Italy, if they had, at the same time, impartially denounced the infamous policy which hires bands of unchained criminals to pillage and murder in the name of a dethroned dynasty, and with the benediction of a Holy Father. They have shown, however, a nice sense of discretion in confining their display of outraged moral sensibilities within the limits marked out by political prudence. It is probable that the vote of Major O'REILLY and the interest of the Longford priests would be irretrievably lost to the Conservative cause if it were distinctly understood that Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI disapprove of the Papal territory being made a nest of robbers and assassins.

Perhaps it might have been thought that the interests of humanity had been sufficiently consulted by the very ample discussions which have taken place on the alleged atrocities of a military officer who, after all, appears to have been promptly and spontaneously disavowed by his superiors. VICTOR EMMANUEL's Government having been duly held up to the execration of mankind on an hypothesis which turns out to have had no adequate foundation, one might have hoped that the Parliamentary censors of the irregularities of Italian administration would for the present be satisfied. As the British Legislature is not charged by Providence with the responsibility of governing Italy, it seems unnecessary that it should be perpetually canvassing the acts of functionaries over whom it has no control. This is not Lord NORMANBY's opinion. That ingenious and active-minded statesman—who appears to have appointed himself to the office of Italian Home Minister in *partibus*—considers it the duty of the English Parliament to investigate (among other things) the administration of the laws affecting the press throughout the peninsula. Lord RUSSELL having incidentally said, a week or two ago, on the authority of Count CAVOUR, that State prosecutions were never instituted against reactionary journals, the Marquis has felt himself called upon to institute a searching inquiry into the accuracy

of the allegation; and the results of his labours are about to be produced for the edification of the Peers. The comprehensive scope of his researches may be inferred from the fact that he found it necessary the other day to postpone the discussion of the subject in consequence of the inopportune death of "a distinguished Piedmontese nobleman, who for fourteen years had filled the office of Director of the *Armonia*." He has at length, however, succeeded in arming himself with the requisite materials, and on Monday next the House of Lords will be invited to listen to disclosures which will doubtless be found, in every sense of the word, exhaustive. We are necessarily unable to anticipate the purport of the promised revelations on a subject on which we are very imperfectly informed; but it may be presumed that his Lordship is prepared to prove, on unimpeachable testimony, that Government prosecutions of the press have not been altogether unknown in Italy under the administration of Count CAVOUR and his successor. It may perhaps appear that the respectable journalists whom he has taken under his patronage have at different times been subjected to fine and imprisonment on charges on which English jurymen would have refused to convict. It is even possible that official prosecutors may be shown to have displayed unseemly harshness, and that a case may be made out against the strict judicial impartiality of the Bench. We also risk little in supposing that our Minister at Turin will be sharply censured for not having kept the Foreign Office regularly acquainted with transactions claiming the ceaseless interference of friendly diplomacy. What practical result, if any, the Marquis hopes to accomplish by a disquisition on wrongs which the House of Lords is totally unable to remedy, is a question on which we must be content to pause for a reply. As it is not often that the British Legislature is formally invited to concern itself with the grievances of newspaper writers in a foreign country, we have few precedents to enlighten us as to the turn which so eccentric an affair is likely to take. Whether his Lordship will ultimately proceed by Bill or by Resolution against the Cabinet of Turin for its unjustifiable encroachments on the freedom of the press—whether he will move an Address to the Crown calling for a firm but temperate remonstrance on behalf of oppressed journalists, or whether he will think it more expedient in the first instance to ask for a Select Committee (with power to send for persons and papers) to take evidence on the case of the *Armonia* and its fellow-sufferers—it is impossible to guess, especially as any one of these courses would be as legitimate and rational as any other. All that we can be quite sure of is, that he will support his reputation for meddling in matters that in no way concern him, and that he will amuse or weary a listless auditory with a mass of irrelevant and one-sided "facts" about a subject entirely beyond the province of English legislators.

It is to be hoped that Lord NORMANBY will be left to sustain, from his own unaided resources, the interest of a discussion which can by no possibility lead to any useful end—except, indeed, as furnishing a somewhat extreme instance of a sort of Parliamentary gossip which is alike silly and offensive. Even an idle House of Lords in its idlest moments will perhaps decline that embarrassing extension of its jurisdiction and responsibilities to which it is about to be invited by the least judicious of living statesmen; and Lord RUSSELL may, for once, think it needless to telegraph to Turin for authentic official particulars respecting the domestic transactions of a foreign Government. Though the independence of the Italian Kingdom has not yet, as we regret to see, been acknowledged by Lord NORMANBY—who considers it decent to speak of VICTOR EMMANUEL's troops as "the Piedmontese invaders" of Neapolitan territory—more responsible statesmen may possibly remember what is due to the commonest international propriety. Italy is, after all, not a dependency of the British Crown, and it is only in the rarest cases that the rights or wrongs of the subjects of an independent Sovereign can be advantageously made the matter of Parliamentary debate. It certainly cannot be said that the history of the Italian newspaper press in its relations to VICTOR EMMANUEL's Government is a topic on which it is necessary for the British Legislature to be accurately informed; and even should there be reason to believe that the legal position of journalism in the peninsula is far from satisfactory, it may occur to Lord NORMANBY's hearers that Parliament cannot usefully take cognisance of grievances which it has no legitimate means of redressing. Meanwhile, it is a curious subject for reflection that a nobleman who habitually occupies the time of the Legislature with frivo-

lous and impertinent discussions on the purely internal affairs of a foreign country has heretofore filled diplomatic posts of the highest dignity and importance.

LAW AND LUNACY.

THE apparent unanimity with which the first of the CHANCELLOR'S Bills was received is already beginning to give way before the irresistible tendency of the dryest of legal questions to goad the minds of lawyers to a frenzy of criticism. The second stage of the Land Transfer Bills was less peaceful than the first, and the measure of Lunacy Reform, which has quickly followed, seemed to have caused as much excitement as if the learned members of the Upper House were intended to be the victims, instead of the framers and possible administrators, of the new law. Asperities of debate are not likely to lead to a prosperous result with any of the rival Bills which the industry of the Law Lords has already accumulated; and the suggestion that Lord CRANWORTH'S critical speech on the knotty subject of the transfer of land was an unfair proceeding is an evil omen of the conflict to be expected in Committee. The whole debate, in fact, was somewhat misplaced; for, however plausible might be the plea that some public discussion should take place upon a reform of so sweeping a character, it was obvious that, on a question where the differences of opinion related exclusively to the choice of means for carrying out a common object, no progress could be made until, by the sifting of a Select Committee, the grain and the chaff which each of the many projects may contain had been effectually separated. Neither did the Lunacy debate greatly assist in the settlement of a very difficult question. All that was brought out by it was, that, in the opinion of the LORD CHANCELLOR, it was possible for one of his predecessors to be troubled with a short memory—that, according to Lord DERBY, the ablest and acutest minds may be misled if they do not very carefully compare Acts of Parliament, the identity of which they assert as a ground for attacking those who happen to differ from them—and that the matured view of the CHANCELLOR is that the acutest minds may be misled by imperfect information. All these propositions are conspicuous for their abstract truth, and it is possible that the concrete application may, in one case or another, have had more or less foundation; but how is the law of lunacy improved by gauging the memory of Lord CHELMSFORD, the accuracy of Lord WESTBURY, or the legal information of the Earl of DERBY? It is to be hoped that, in these pleasant amenities of the House of Lords, there may be more barking than biting, or there is some danger lest all the rival projects of reform should be torn to pieces by the angry teeth of the noble watch-dogs of the law.

The evil which Lord WESTBURY'S Lunacy Reform Bill is intended to remedy is so grievous that any attempt to remove it deserves at least a patient consideration. Though a man be riotous or eccentric, a spendthrift or a fool, it is hard that he should have the alternative forced upon him either to resign his body to keepers, and his property to affectionate relations, or else to spend some 20,000*l.* in preserving the liberty which is supposed to be the birthright even of foolish Englishmen. The mischief does not even stop here; for, if mad-doctors are to be trusted, a man may show a great deal of intellectual vigour without being quite secure against a charge of lunacy. When a want of harmony in the expression of the features, the possession of harsh and bristly hair, a shrivelled ear, a loose scalp, or an ugly face, are enumerated among the scientific criteria of madness, it is difficult to say who is safe from so refined a diagnosis. It is quite true that a man who has studied mental disease is, or ought to be, a better judge of its symptoms than an ordinary observer; but when it is remembered on how slight an induction the conflicting theories of these experts rest, and how strong a tendency there is in a scientific mind to find in the simplest phenomena a confirmation of a favourite theory, the bravest and the sanest man might well tremble to hear that his whole life was to be picked to pieces by experts in insanity, in order to detect, if possible, some latent unsoundness. The most formidable aspect of these inquiries is the tendency they have to fasten themselves on large properties. A certain amount of wealth threatens soon to become absolutely inconsistent with acknowledged sanity; and, though a jury will probably go right, in the majority of cases, by an instinct which is proof against medical sophistry, the misery of being dragged before the public like a felon, in order to have your failings and follies exposed, and your property hopelessly

squandered, is what no man ought to be subjected to, unless on a *prima-facie* case of insanity much stronger than is now thought sufficient to justify the issuing of a commission. The WINDHAM affair has been supposed to have imported some exaggerated feelings into the views which prevail upon this subject; but it is not clear that this is the fact. That inquiry certainly created no great sympathy for the victim of it, and it was merely the scandal of seeing an enormous expenditure incurred upon an investigation which never ought to have been entered upon, that has led to the strong feeling which has called for some such measure as that of the CHANCELLOR. It is a monstrous thing that it should be possible for any sane man to be subjected to such an ordeal, and yet it is easier to see the mischief than to accept the remedy that is proposed.

At the best, Lord WESTBURY'S Bill offers only a choice of evils. In order to get rid of the extravagant fancies of some scientific theorists, it is proposed to exclude altogether the evidence of experts; and yet it must be acknowledged that a life spent in the study of a particular subject ought to give more value to the testimony of a mad-doctor than to the observations of an acquaintance or a tutor, who may, without knowing why, express the most confident opinion that their dear friend is as mad as a March hare, or that he is one of the sanest men in existence. The conflict of evidence in the WINDHAM inquiry was, as it probably would be in every similar case, quite as striking among the non-scientific as the scientific witnesses; and though the exclusion of medical testimony might save a jury from being bewildered in one instance, it is quite possible that the want of it would leave them very much in the dark in another. Because some doctors have talked sad nonsense, that is no reason why unprofessional nonsense should have the field to itself. The principle on which the proposed innovation is rested is itself a theory almost as bold as if it had had a professional conception. The LORD CHANCELLOR holds that madness is not a disease, but simply a fact, of which any one can judge. Assume this to be so, and still it must be admitted that the fact to be ascertained, being a state of mind, can only be inferred from the habitual conduct or the extraordinary acts of the supposed lunatic. If the inferences of skilled witnesses are to be rejected, the inferences of unskilled witnesses must be at least equally objectionable; and no doubt the idea of the CHANCELLOR is to substitute direct evidence of particular acts for all general testimony, and to leave to the jury alone the privilege of drawing the proper inference. But how is this possible, except by excluding altogether evidence of general conduct, which is perhaps the most important of all? A single act of palpable insanity may be recounted *simpliciter*, but every description of general demeanour and behaviour is just as much matter of inference as the far-fetched deductions of the most wrong-headed doctors. Shutting out evidence certainly tends to diminish expense; but, if you exclude it on the one side, you must exclude it on the other also; and why should an alleged lunatic, on trial almost for his life, be debarred from producing the weightiest testimony he can find to the perfect soundness of his mind?

The same difficulties present themselves, in a still more serious shape, in the other principal clause of the Bill, which would limit the inquiry, as a general rule, to an arbitrary period of two years before the issue of the commission. If some recent conduct of an ambiguous kind has exposed a man's sanity to doubt, with what justice can he be forbidden to prove that during a long course of years he had shown himself capable of managing intricate business with success? It is true that the evidence raked up from the past is generally produced in the first instance, in support of the allegation of lunacy; but even in the WINDHAM case it told as much one way as the other, and it is impossible to say that it might not, in some instances, be almost essential to the defence. Arbitrary rules may be framed in any class of cases for the exclusion of evidence, and the consequent diminution of expense, but neither on a lunacy inquiry nor in any other litigation is it possible to shut out evidence without running the risk of clouding the truth. Wherever the stake is large, an excessive amount of evidence is certain to be tendered. An inquiry into a testator's domicile is often as much loaded with trifling evidence as any lunacy inquisition, and yet no one has ventured to deny, in these or any other cases, the right of the parties to adduce all such proofs as can have a material influence on the result of the trial. We do not say that the evils of Lord WESTBURY'S Bill might not be less than the terrible mischief which the law sometimes works under the present system; but it seems to deserve consideration whether the check upon such

scandals as the WINDHAM inquiry might not be supplied by greater stringency in the preliminary inquiry, rather than by hampering the discretion of the parties when they have once been brought face to face before a jury. Whatever opinion may be formed as to the provisions we have discussed, there can be no doubt that the substitution of a Judge for a Master would have a great influence in controlling the length and the consequent expense of proceedings in lunacy, and there are other parts of the Bill which might tend to mitigate some of the evils complained of. But the principle of reducing expense by rejecting evidence is too hazardous to be adopted without a very careful weighing of the consequences which it may involve

LYING.

WHEN Mr. Mill asserted that one great fault of the English poor was lying, he was met with an indignant rejoinder from those who like to give their poorer neighbours credit for every possible virtue, and who have a firm belief in Saxon truth and honesty. The fact is, that such statements are either to be taken positively or relatively. If Mr. Mill was to be understood to say that, as compared with the poor of other countries, the English poor were given to falsehood, the statement would be of very doubtful accuracy; but if it is merely an assertion that the lower orders in England habitually tell lies, general experience must decide whether this is or is not true. We feel sure that most judges would say, speaking from their own experience, that Mr. Mill is quite right. Why should he not be right? Truth is a very artificial virtue. It is only by the combination of many happy circumstances, by the accumulated stores of truthful feeling treasured up in many generations by the finer and purer order of minds, that truth is cultivated, and that the natural propensity of men to use speech as a vehicle for concealing their thoughts and acts is overcome. Why should we suppose that the English poor are subject to such very happy influences that, in their case, this universal propensity of the human race is checked? Experience seems to show that uneducated people, as a rule, tell lies habitually. Even good, honest, well-educated servants, with principles high up in the servants' scale, notoriously tell lies as a matter of course. They are often truthful enough to acknowledge the truth when a case of conscience grave enough to alarm them is distinctly raised, but they conceal what they do with an absence of scruples which those more carefully educated cannot command. And if any happy person can honestly say, from his or her experience, that the smaller tradesmen in villages and towns do not habitually deceive their customers within the recognised limits of the deceit permitted in their calling, we should like to know the name and situation of the fortunate place where grocers and butchers are so candid and straightforward. There are, at any rate, many unfortunate places where this habit of falsehood rises like a barrier between the poor and the rich; and where those who would like to understand their humbler acquaintances are steadily baffled by the readiness with which plausible statements are made up and adhered to in order to protect from investigation those who think any inquiry made by their betters is somehow likely to prove dangerous in the long run. There are, indeed, people who succeed to some extent in managing the poor, and by tact or excess of inquisitiveness win some degree of confidence; and it often happens that these are the very people who entirely decline to look at any facts but those which have come under their own cognisance, and who insist that all the world shall judge from exceptional instances. But putting these people aside, the experience of impartial observers is, we believe, tolerably uniform, and a general consent would pronounce that falsehood is one of the failings of the lower orders in England.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as the English love of truth. Perhaps our lower classes never reach the recklessness and purposelessness in lying which distinguishes some Continental nations. And truth is a virtue most sedulously cultivated in the higher classes. Public men in England are expected to keep their statements within some moderate degree of accuracy. It is one of the great successes of Protestantism, too, that it has dwelt very strongly on the evil which lying brings with it, and that, in the families which it regulates, it instils a very great reverence for truth. It is quite against the English code of honour to be detected in a falsehood; and many men who are not men of very strict principle would rather lose an arm than tell a direct lie. Nor is it at all doubtful that many influences are at work which are calculated to spread the love of truth-telling. At public schools, where lying used once to be a matter of course, there is now a considerable degree of shame in being known to tell a prominent falsehood; and those schools where the boys are prone to lie are noticed for it, and have a bad reputation as for something singular and unnecessary. It would also be absurd to question that the great spread of religious knowledge which is due to the establishment of Sunday and other schools must have brought to bear on the humbler part of the population, to a very considerable extent, the repugnance to falsehood which is part of the essence of a true religion. Where, in short, the best education of England operates, and the high standard of English honour exercises its influence, a character of general truthfulness is formed which perhaps is without a rival in the world. But this does not alter the fact that falsehood is habitual in the mass of the population. And there are many reasons to apprehend that causes are at work which may tend, if not guarded against, to spread falsehood even

more than it exists. If truth gains by what is called progress, so also does lying; and unfortunately many of the changes we introduce as social improvements, and many of the institutions we like to see more and more widely established, bring a certain premium on lying in their train.

Many legal changes, for example, which in themselves have been very good, and which on the whole may have been attended with a large balance of good, are calculated to make lying and perjury come more easy and natural to large classes of persons. The public has lately been startled by the strange conspiracy under which Mr. Bewicke suffered. Without any apparent object at all sufficient to account for the crime, three men combined to make it believed that Mr. Bewicke had tried to shoot them, and they showed the bullet that had been despatched at their heads. Remorse or vanity prompted one of the conspirators to reveal the crime, and thus the frightful success which had been gained by perjury was made known. But if it was so easy to get a man shut up in penal servitude by inventing a bare-faced lie, the opening thus afforded for vengeance suggests a terrible prospect of the temptations to perjury which our administration of the law may hold out. It is true that Mr. Bewicke defended himself at his trial, and threw away his chance of safety; but the conspirators could not foresee this. Although a survey of the premises would have made it clear that Mr. Bewicke, in order to have fired as alleged, must have been in possession of a rifle that would carry a ball round a sharp corner, his enemies were quite prepared to take their chance of detection, and relied on the ease with which hard swearing may crush the most innocent man. The establishment of County Courts, a measure most excellent in itself, has opened another very attractive channel for perjury to flow in. These Courts are so greatly in favour of the plaintiff, that the defendant, if poor and ignorant of law, has hardly a chance, and the plaintiff, we fear, often invents the debt he recovers. The Divorce Court is even more fruitful of perjury, for there it not unfrequently becomes a matter of honour to conceal the disgrace which her errors have brought upon a woman. There is case after case tried in which there must be perjury by wholesale. The conduct of a wife is impugned perhaps; and there is a necessity for evidence to go to a jury. Witnesses have to be procured from among the sort of people who do not blush to admit that they accidentally see everything through keyholes. In order to screen the lady, all who take her side, and especially her lover, consider themselves bound to produce evidence that will contradict the keyhole people. They have got to establish alibis for her, or to account by curious circumstances of family history for the equivocal position in which she has placed herself. But this is not all. Very probably she likes to give as bad as she gets, and takes advantage of the trial to brand with disgraceful imputations the fame of some fair neighbour, of whose intimacy with her husband she has been jealous. Then a second issue is raised, and this new Desdemona has to explain how she came by her handkerchief. All her relations come to support her, and all her discharged servants come to swear against her. As some mud is sure to stick where the butt thrown at is a woman's reputation, this grand opportunity for a woman in danger to drag down some one with her offers far too fair and pleasant a field for perjury to be neglected; and if once a village or small town, where every one knows and hates another, gets into the Divorce Court, there is no reason at all why the proceedings should stop until the reputation of every respectable inhabitant has been effectually and permanently blackened.

Other excellent institutions besides law courts must, however, bear their share in the propagation of falsehood. Above all stands conspicuous the Income-tax, of which the demoralising influence is not for a moment denied, and which can only be defended as doing, on the whole, enough good to counterbalance the evil. Political liberty, too, brings with it a plentiful crop of lies in its train. The suffrage has to answer for a vast mass of falsehood. Custom has, perhaps, a little blinded us to the greatness of the amount of lying that a well-contested election involves. From the noblest candidate to the lowest pot-boy, every one engaged in the election, and preparing to support a great cause by a little golden or silver or liquid persuasion, is, in some degree, tainted with bribery. We are quite willing to admit that lies or deceit sanctioned by custom do not do the moral harm, because they do not involve the moral turpitude, which accompanies direct infraction of the rules of truth to which religious principle or the code of honour bids us adhere. It would be absurd to say that a man who paid the last fifty unpolluted voters 20*l.* a man was a liar. And yet both he and those who have been his agents, and those who have taken the money, have been guilty of a deception; and a deception practised by a great many persons of different classes in concert cannot fail to have some bad effect on society. Nor are even more sacred things without some danger to truthfulness in England. There is sometimes a tone of thought and of speaking in English popular theology which carries its votaries away from the plain practical question whether they are learning to do well and ceasing to do ill. They talk a language which spreads a haze between them and sober veracity. They are separated by an artificial barrier from the region in which the fruits of the tree are the thing that is looked for. In old days, there was less use of theological terms, perhaps, among the uneducated, but there was a more rigid examination whether conduct was good or bad. We do not mean to say that this extension of popular theology is good or bad; only it inevitably has its weak side, in so far as it tends to substitute in some degree words for things, and to make people unreal and artificial.

The whole tendency of modern society, too, is to get more lax.

Many of the old restraints which poverty, the inspection of near relatives, and the want of the means of locomotion used to impose, have now faded away. In times when society was confined within a very narrow circle, and the example of one or two great people was held to excuse every one else, greater liberty was not necessarily accompanied with greater deceit. At the Court of Charles II. it was not bad taste to be as merry as the monarch. But now that society is so large that each fraction keeps a watch on the other fractions, and the mere advance of the nation in right principles and sound education makes the maintenance of a higher outward standard comparatively easy, there is a constant struggle going on between liberty or licence and respectability. Changes of this sort are always much more easy to detect in women than in men, because the moral code of men is strict only in other points than those raised by the freedom of social intercourse. But in women there is visible the effect of a liberty that has to keep itself within the path of decency. Young girls do things that are not perhaps exactly wrong, but which are at least dangerous. They are more reckless, and less jealously superintended than they used to be. They associate with young men with an identity of tastes and manners which was well reflected in the humorous sketch *Punch* lately drew of those figures as to which it was almost impossible to tell where the crinoline ended and where the knickerbockers began. But as good principles have a certain weight throughout English society, and as an utter violation of decorum is not forgiven, the young ladies are obliged to throw a veil over the little bursts of freedom in which they indulge. They are not bad or corrupted, but they cannot afford to be quite pure and simple if they are to retain their reputation as jolly companions to marriageable young men. This, however, is only a striking instance of what is going on in many ranks and under very various forms. Society, even down to the society that goes in excursion trains to Brighton or Margate, has got more lax, and yet it hides its laxity under some kind of decorum. There may be advantages in this relaxation of the bonds of society, just as there are obvious advantages in cheap courts, and in an Income-tax and borough elections. But these advantages may be accompanied by a tendency to make falsehoods of more or less deep a hue flourish and abound; and if this is so, it is a fact to which attention can scarcely be too seriously directed.

A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.

MR. RICHARD DOYLE has yet a chapter on our English social habits to draw. The manners and customs of the English are not complete without a night with Hume or Foster. It is as much a part of the London season to spend a cheerful evening with ghosts as to assist at the heavy dinner of *rigueur* which is known as a meeting of creditors, or at the heavier dance or *matinée dansante* twenty miles out of town in the first week in June. The evening with a fashionable "medium" may be lively or dull; but all things are complementary of each other. When the spiritual world is active and communicative—when triple tap succeeds triple tap smoothly and in order—when mysterious harpings, played by no earthly hand, sound through the enchanted air, and the archimage himself, self-poised in the darkened but obedient æther floats over the heads of a sympathizing circle of devotees—there is a good deal to be said for a *séance* while it lasts; though on the pillow the unpleasant thought suggests itself of an egregious hoax. On the other hand, when the whole thing has been a dismal failure, when Cagliostro himself has been all but abashed, when every tapping and question has ended in the most ludicrous breakdown, then comes a happy reaction. If a successful night with the spirits, like all other riotous living, is succeeded by a morning of lassitude and suspicion, the unextinguishable laughter and the hour of triumph when the solemn mockery is over, and the discomfited medium has taken his departure, is well purchased by the two hours' bore which has gone before it. So, whether it succeeds or fails—whether the spirit world is communicative or suspicious—in other words, whether the circle consists of willing dupes or Sadducees, a *séance* is, as the phrase runs, a thing to do. The season is not complete and whole without it; and it is quite a moot point whether a break-down or a series of first-rate manifestations is the most amusing. Each is perfect in its way. Our own experience is, however, one-sided.

The *Spiritual Magazine* of December announced the immediate coming of "Mr. Foster, an excellent medium—a very good test-medium." Mr. Foster, on the authority of his American introducer, "an author of high repute both in America and in England, and an eloquent preacher," signing himself W. M., and writing from Boston, tells us that he sees spirits and knows them, and receives communications not only by rappings on the table but by his hand being guided to write. But the peculiarity of Mr. Foster is, that "the names of persons come out in bright red colour on his hands, arms, and forehead"—a case which W. M., candidly enough, considers identical with that of the Tyrolean Ecstasie, or, he might have added, St. Francis's stigmata. W. M. went on to say that "the manifestations of which Mr. Foster is the medium will have great interest," and "his presence in London will be a good opportunity for persons who wish to investigate spiritualism." Not that we are to "expect from Mr. Foster a new revelation or system of any kind, but simply a few facts." In due time Mr. Foster arrived; and a highly respectable person, after reading certain remarks of the *Saturday Review* on Spiritualism, assured us under date of 4th January, that he too, like ourselves, was a sort of sceptic on the matter—a confession which certainly does not adequately exhibit the aspect of the *Saturday Review* towards

Spiritualism—but that he, our correspondent, who gave his name and address, had called with three others on Mr. Foster, 14 Bryanstone Street, Portman Street, and was, as he says, "perfectly astonished." Among other things, the medium on that occasion "produced in two instances the names of deceased relatives written as it were in letters of blood on his arm." Our friend (for he wrote in a very sensible and straightforward way) did us the honour to say that he should very much like to know the "experience of one of our very able writers," as he nicely put it, "of a visit to Mr. Foster."

Well, let us suppose an evening with Mr. Foster, and one of our "able writers" present. Let the scene be a bachelor's house in May Fair; and let the circle consist of seven or eight quiet, hard-headed, and not very impressionable middle-aged gentlemen, lawyers, and fellows of learned societies and learned professions, thriving men of business, and the like. The evening being devoted to business, the gentle sex is rigidly excluded. The circle is composed, we may add, of some who were entire strangers to each other. Some were only slightly known to the host, who had charged himself with making an appointment with Mr. Foster. On one side at least, the preliminary correspondence was curious; for with all Mr. Foster's attainments in the spiritual world, his acquaintance with English grammar and the art of letter-writing is at present in a very rudimentary state. Mr. Foster was announced by W. M. as "quite a young man." He is so, of very lymphatic temperament, with a quick, curious, and serpentine eye, a singularly unembarrassed and watchful manner, and a dawdling yet clipped intonation—like that of an American talking English as he might suppose a Frenchman likely to talk it; and so, when the courteous host had

Hired the horned fiend for forty maravedis,

—that is to say, two guineas—he came to May Fair, not like the Cid's devil—

With horns for toes to terrify the ladies,

but smooth, subtle, and courteous, with a blazing diamond ring, and hands and fingers of a delicacy and supple evenness of touch which would have done no discredit to Houdin or Frikel.

As we have just observed, Mr. Foster was furnished with his very first credentials from high "Spiritualists" in America; but now that he has come to London, a change has come over the estimation in which he is held by his patrons and friends. It may be that even in the spiritual world there is envy, hatred, and malice, and that jealousy may penetrate the College of Augurs. The *Spiritual Magazine* at the same time recommends and all but denounces him. In what literary America calls an "editorial," it is darkly intimated in the *Spiritual Magazine* of March, that "we have received letters from Judge Edmonds containing such statements regarding Mr. Foster, that though we have reason to believe him to be a remarkable medium, we must decline to print any more records of his mediumship." And we also find that Mr. Foster refused to give "Mr. Allman, of Camden Road, and Mr. Jones, of Peckham, a sitting"—an intimation which receives greater significance as we observe that "books for review and communications for the *Spiritual Magazine* are to be addressed to Mr. Allman, of Camden Road." So that we do not quite know how Mr. Foster stands with his brother spiritualists. For the *Spiritual Magazine* for February says, "We hear of the most startling manifestations in his presence. Some of the most sceptical of our scientific men have seen strange sights and surrendered at discretion," and "Mr. Foster is widely extending the great truth among the upper ten thousand." Mr. Carter Hall, we are told, has received Mr. Foster, and testifies to his first-rate powers and entire trustworthiness. So does Mr. Howitt. Mr. E. L. Blanchard's testimony is doubtful. But then the *Spiritual Magazine* states distinctly in reference to the visit paid by Mr. Lowe, editor of the *Critic*, to Mr. Foster, that his charge of 3*l.* made by Mr. Foster "was an imposition." As to the *Saturday Review*, of course the *Spiritual Magazine* places us in a difficulty. Writing in January, the *Spiritual Magazine* recommends us to "see Mr. Foster, at 14 Bryanston Street," and then, when we have seen him, we shall alter our language. But in March poor Mr. Foster is no "test" at all; his authority is not appealed to; a "well-known correspondent pronounces judgment unfavourable to the truthfulness of the phenomena, and speaks of what he saw as being of the same class as wooden nutmegs;" and finally, "Judge Edmonds sends such statements regarding Mr. Foster" that the *Spiritual Magazine* will have nothing further to do with him, and especially intimates suspicions that the skin-writing might be produced by very natural causes.

Mr. Foster, then, being in this uncertain state as regards his brother spiritualists, our opinion on him will perhaps be the less important. We quite agree with the *Spiritual Magazine* that he is "a remarkable medium;" but whether for good or evil—whether remarkably good or remarkably bad—we cannot pronounce. We certainly cannot say that he is an impostor, because through two mortal hours, when we were in his society, there was nothing or next to nothing done. The solitary facts got by Mr. Foster from the spiritual world, out of about seventy or eighty guesses and direct and absurd failures, were the spelling out of the name of John Hill—the writing of the same name very badly backwards by the spirits when Mr. Foster's hand, pencil, and paper were under the table—and Mr. Foster's displaying his arm with the word "John" coarsely scribbled in red letters about three or four inches long upon his arm. By the way, it was the word "John" and nothing else, which, as Mr. Leighton tells us in the *Spiritual Magazine*, he also saw on Mr. Foster's

arm. Further than this we saw nothing, except the dreariest mistakes. Several sealed envelopes with names inscribed were placed by the circle on the table. One alone was read by Mr. Foster, and it was that one which the writer had purposely placed in a thin envelope, and had intentionally made legible through the envelope. The spirit answering to this name was kind enough to appear; but it happened to be the name of a fictitious person, and though it tapped, in answer to the question "Why did you leave England?" "Because I was discontented," yet, as the person and the fact were alike fictitious, but little can be made of this revelation of the spirit of a person who never existed. The pellets inscribed with the names of departed friends were manipulated, and about once in twenty times they came right, but beyond the name no other converse with the spiritual world was vouchsafed. Further than this we have nothing to say of Mr. Foster. He rolled his eyes occasionally, and twisted his mouth; but we are bound to say that his contortions were not extravagant, nor the ecstasy of the prophet appalling. It was altogether a terribly dull affair. As Mr. Foster candidly admitted, everything was against the spirits. There was a frightful aggregate of severe scepticism. One unfortunate member of the circle was, very early in the *séance*, denounced as being utterly and painfully uninterested in the *séance*, though for his many sins he happened to be that one who had read as much of spiritual literature—Judge Edmonds, the Spiritual Telegraph teacher, Jackson Davis, Mr. Howitt, and the *Spiritual Magazine*—as most men in England.

And so ends as begins our experience of Spiritualism, and "a remarkable medium." We really did, by dint of perseverance, and in the proportion of about one rap out of twenty, get as far as the surprising results of the mere and single name of John Hill; and in a selection of a dozen towns, on one occasion, the town Singapore was, after a failure, got—we will not say guessed—out of seven or eight other names; and Mr. Foster told us that he saw a "literary-looking" spirit, who was not, however, so communicative as might have been wished. And, to be very accurate, and as nearly as we can recollect to say everything we saw, all of a sudden Mr. Foster exclaimed, "I am going to have an intimation from the spirit on my arm." And then he made some dreadfully ugly faces as if the spirit was punishing him tremendously; and then, with a very dexterous sweep of his right hand, he bared his left arm, on which we saw, much wondering of course, the single word John, in slightly marked sprawling red characters, and in less than two minutes Mr. Foster drew his sleeve over the word John. But how the said word John was written we know not, and our only thought was that the name John was not an uncommon Christian name, nor a very unlikely one to turn up at some moment or other in the course of two hours, dedicated solely and Christianly to the lively and profitable task of spelling out dead people's names; for further than this we never got. And it also occurred to us that the word *John*, which was the word Mr. Leighton saw, might possibly have been inscribed by sympathetic ink before the *séance* commenced. And this is all that we have to say. "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir." We saw the single word John written in faint red letters on Mr. Foster's arm; and it was rather like Mr. Foster's own writing, which is a singularly bad and ill-formed, as well as ill-spelt MS. And we received from the spirit world the words John Hill, written thus—*liih nhøj*; and, as we said, Mr. Foster handed the pencil and paper to the spirit who performed this remarkable act of calligraphy, while Mr. Foster's own hand was also under the table. And, to say the truth, this was rather dear at two guineas; and we are afraid that our excellent host got sadly laughed at for his loss of money. The circle certainly lost a good deal of time and some little temper; and it only did not go to sleep because it was just as well to see the absurdity out. If any of our readers are disposed to test or verify these experiences, it is enough to say that probably just the same results will attend just the same mode of conducting a *séance*. If people go to a medium ready and desirous to be impressed, and on the look-out and expectation for marvels, most likely marvels will come. The *decipitur* will attend the *populus vult decipi*. But, as in this instance which we have narrated, if the inquirers will simply do nothing—not interfere with the medium, not perplex him, not ask questions, not start difficulties, not launch theories or investigate, but simply do nothing—and if with all the dulness, stupidity, apathy, and *inconciance* which on this occasion so evidently annoyed and baffled Mr. — (we mean the spirits), they will only quietly open their eyes and their ears, and shut their mouths and see what the spirits will send them—why in that case, as in our own, there will be most likely nothing to tell.

We must be distinctly understood as giving no opinion whatever as to what happens under other circumstances at Mr. Foster's *séances*. We have only to speak of a single experience, and we have nothing to say about it. *De nihilo*, as well as *e nihilo, nihil*. The oracle, when we visited the tripod, was dumb. Such things, we frankly own, have happened even at Dodona or Delphi. Most likely other postulations may be more lucky or more credulous; and a certain amount of sympathy is, we can quite understand, necessary to raise the veil of Isis. We do not deny that to others, more fortunate than ourselves, "the affirmative raps are only given when the right paper is touched." In our case they were given when the wrong paper was touched, and the wrong letters on the card pointed at. Far be it from us to deny that a hand—"plainly a hand; about which hand there is no mistake"—rises above the mystic table. We only say that no hand was revealed to us;

nor was the offer of any such *arcana* made. Nor, again, do we say a single word against Mr. Foster's good faith. As to the word "imposture," it is singularly inapplicable as far as this single testimony goes. Imposture implies something imposing and somebody taken in by it. Here there was nothing to impose. We record our own experience simply because, as the thing is fashionable, it may be somebody's else luck to draw a blank. A gentleman who writes in the *Times* has evidently had a prize. Some people have a run of luck. Mr. Foster himself has his harvest at present; and no doubt the many guineas he got will be more than doubled by the clever but cautious advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday. Let him make hay while he can; plenty of other vultures will swoop down on the carcass of British credulity. Mr. Foster will not have it all his own way—or will not have it long. Not only is the *Spiritual Magazine* sulky, suspicious, or envious, but a worthier Yankee medium is on the sea. Mr. Charles Colchester, so favourably spoken of by Mr. Coleman in his American excursion, is expected by the middle of March; and no doubt from the collision of prophets the outside world may learn something.

JOURNALS.

THERE are few things that show more the difference between man and man in points not easily got at, than how they conduct such a private matter as keeping a journal. The practice itself is simple enough, but the purposes for which it is undertaken, and the mode in which it is carried out, show the odd contrasts—the entire variance in aim and view—that may exist under much outward conformity. Something that must be done daily, and that a task of no absolute necessity, even if it occupy but three or at most five minutes of every day, is a burden on time and method which we suspect the majority of men are not equal to. Everybody at some time of his life begins a journal; but because it exacts a certain punctuality, and because the trouble promises no immediate return, and because, too, people get tired of the seeming monotony of life—and the mere bare events of most lives have a way of looking very monotonous when written down—it is, we believe, seldom persisted in. No one understands the value of such a record till it is too late to make it what it might be. We do not suppose there exists a chronicle of the daily doings of a life from childhood to old age, yet we can imagine nothing more interesting and valuable to the man who has kept it; and who would not be glad—if it could be referred to without too keen a self-reproach—of a close and exact memorial of his life and actions, and of the influences brought to bear on them by the progress of events?

Are we right in surmising that, by many persons, whole tracts of life are forgotten—lost, never to be recovered? If we are mistaken, it is only another proof of those inner differences of mental constitution of which we have spoken. We suspect, however, that it is no unusual thing for men to be separated from certain stages of their life—from events that happened after they had begun to reason and to think, and in which they actively shared—by a thick veil of unconsciousness. It may not be utter oblivion perhaps. The memory of them may lie hid in some corner of the brain of which we have lost the key; we may even approach very near their whereabouts at odd times. Now and then, they may give a faint intimation of their existence by intangible hints—in dreams and fragments, associated with sight or sound or scent—but eluding all pursuit, all attempt at investigation. We just know that there is more in our past than our memory reports to us, but practically they are gone. To how many does not any sudden question of our doings and surroundings ten, or fifteen, or even five years ago, fill us with a painful sense of loss—of having parted from ourselves? A gathering indistinctness mantles over what once engaged our time and interest. A chain is broken, and links are missing, which should at a touch have taken us back to place and scene—recalled to us our fellow-actors in them—brought back thoughts, words, and doings in their first distinctness and reality—and, wanting which, all is dull, misty, disconnected, or at best partially remembered. We are impressed with a sense of self-desertion and neglect, as though we had not appreciated life, its pleasures, its associations, as we ought. All persons recollect what has once deeply and vehemently stirred the feelings; and every thing and person associated with such occasions will always stand out in strong relief. Something brands particular days and moments into the most treacherous memory, or into something which is more part of ourselves than memory seems to be. But where this passionate sentiment, whether of grief or joy, is missing, as we know it is to all persons for long tracts of time, we cannot tell. Our inner tablets are too often blurred, and have to be deciphered carefully and with very uncertain results.

We are drawing an extreme case, perhaps; and there are minds so orderly, and memories so retentive, that our picture will convey to them no meaning. But in so far as it is true, it is an argument for keeping a record of daily events, however seemingly monotonous and trivial—and even the more so if they present no salient points. For when our days pass in comfort and ease, unmarked by strong excitements, the ingratitude of forgetfulness most naturally slips in; yet what pleasant glimpses will a few lines, containing our comings and goings, and certain familiar names, open out to us, if their definiteness furnishes the key that alone is wanting to bring back a distinct picture of a past stage of life! And how much does the most condensed chronicle convey.

to us when we are fairly separated from it for ever! What sentiment, and even dignity, time throws on the persons and influences which we see now so nearly affected us, though we scarcely knew it at the time! The record of the most uneventful life falls naturally into chapters, and has its epochs and marked periods of time which stand out quite separate when we can survey the whole in distinct groups and distances. Nothing in it is really unimportant unless we were wilful triflers, in which case no elaborate formula of confession and self-accusation need teach us a sterner lesson than this brief epitome of a frivolous existence.

Addison gives a journal, studiously without incident, of a useless insignificant life—a model of thousands of lives then and now. It has always struck us as a strong argument for journal-keeping, though this use of his satire was not contemplated by the satirist. What a distinct picture of a state of society, and of an individual growing out of that society, does this week of inanities give! Gossip turns into history under our eyes. We realize the sleepy quiet existence when men were content not to think and clung to authority—the early hours, the pipe, the coffee-house, the sparse ablutions, the antiquated costume and cuisine, the kneestrings, the shoe-buckle, the wig, cane and tobacco-box, the marrow-bone and oxtail, the corned beef, plums and suet, and Mother Cob's mild, and the purl to recover lost appetite. We have the walk in the fields, then possible to London citizens. We have the slow progress of news, kept languidly exciting by uncertainty, and all the pros and cons about the Grand Vizier, and what Rumour said, and what Mr. Nisby thought, and our hero's vacillations of dull awe and interest as either got the ascendant—now disturbed dreams when both authorities agree that he is strangled—now the cheerful vision, "dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier," because Mr. Nisby did not believe it—now Rumour giving it as her opinion that he was both strangled and beheaded—ending our suspense at the week's end with the ultimatum, "Grand Vizier certainly dead," which would have reached us in three minutes, and summed up all we knew or cared about the matter. It is an image of the life, public and private of the time—as no journal which tells events can help being in its degree. The driest details have a certain touching interest when read years after. The most homely doings are imbued with a certain poetry when we can do them no longer. Facts external to ourselves are invested with an historic value as telling us of social or of the world's changes.

But the obvious use, to assist the memory, or rather to construct an external artificial memory, is only one out of many reasons for keeping a diary. Diaries kept with this view rarely, if ever, see the light, and ought never to see it. All journals that are published have some other object. There are of course the journals avowedly public, such as *Raihes's Diary*—the work and legacy to posterity of an apparently idle life—which aim at being current history and in which personal matters would be out of place. There is the mixed personal and public journal, as *Madame D'Arblay's*, who could not probably have lived through the cruel dulness of her court life but for taking posterity into her confidence, and pouring into what proved not unwilling or unsympathising ears the indignities and annoyances inflicted on her by the old German Duenna. There is no real freedom, no absolute undress, possible in such compositions, but the graceful *negligée* allows an attitude towards self very congenial to some minds—a sort of simpering modesty and flirting humbleness of tone, and a bridled licence towards others, midway between caution and outbreak—saying more than might be spoken, but with a reticence of expression which only faintly reveals the unwritten sentiment, yet hoping to excite as much indignant sympathy in the reader as the most unmeasured vituperation. There are other journals which seem to act the purpose of the child's battered doll—a mere vent for passion and sore feeling. The fair page receives all the bitterness, irritation, or malevolence which may not find any other outlet. It is like declaiming to dead walls. Thoughts are recorded, words are written down, something is done, and the relief of a scene is secured at no expense either to credit or position. It is something in this spirit that Mrs. Thrale writes of her old friends in her journal at the time of her second marriage. One of the most curious diaries on record is that consisting of twenty-seven folio volumes from which Mr. Tom Taylor constructed the autobiography of Haydon the painter. It is a work to make one believe in Mr. Wilkie Collins's diaries as embodied in his tales, where the people, all of them, spend every alternate waking half hour for years together, either in vehement, intense scheming and action, or in writing their schemes and actions down in their journal—rushing from action to pen, and laying down the pen to return to action, with a see-saw perseverance which we own we should not have thought probable or natural but for Haydon's twenty-seven volumes. He paints and writes, and writes and paints, much on the same plan; and pours out hopes and fears, and imperiously invokes high heaven to make him a painter, at the conception and progress of every picture, in a way to make the heart bleed when we see what an intensity of feeling and ambition went to the covering of those ugly and huge stretches of canvas where never a man of all his groups stands on his legs. However, the sad moral of wasted hopes and energies is not against journal-keeping, even on a gigantic scale, but against painting enormous historical pictures without knowledge or skill, indeed with no qualification but faith in the will. The journal is a first-rate one, though the pictures which constitute its main theme are bad; and a good journal of a busy life, or rather such a selection of it as

Mr. Taylor has made, is a gift to the world as good in its way as a fine picture.

Most people drawn in any way to the use of the pen have been tempted to an ambitious effort at journal-keeping in early youth. This is really the impulse of composition. If young people have not a story in their brains, they turn their thoughts inward; the mysteries of being begin to perplex them, and they sit down fairly to face and study self. The notion is natural enough. Whom or what should we understand so well as ourself, which we can look into and ponder upon any time we choose? So there is written a page of life-history with a good deal of solemnity, and a mighty strain, which ends in the discovery of a mistake, and the perception that self is not a more easy thing to understand than other people; or probably it ends in weariness of the maze in which the young student finds himself. But there are many people—who never make this discovery—who persevere in the practice all their days, and through whom ordinary readers mainly know how journals are kept, and are instructed in their use; and it is here we learn that external differences between man and man are often merely faint shadows of the inner differences which separate spirit from spirit, in spite of the great family likeness that runs through us all. We beg, in what we say, to distinguish entirely between self-examination as instituted by conscience and subject to an external law, and religious journals kept not to record events, but to register states of feeling. Let any one to whom the practice is new sit down to describe himself to himself, and he will find it is only the outside he can reach. There is something which we feel defies language—which we can only approach by an amount of study and a pursuit into motives which issues in a treatise on the understanding; we are driven from the private to the general, and landed in metaphysics. We find we have to withdraw from ourself and stand outside before we can say anything intelligible. We are disposed to think that in reading, after an interval, any attempt of this kind, it is not the real old self that we see, but the state of mind then aimed at. We do not recognise ourself in the person drawn. It might pass with a stranger, but we know better. We cannot perhaps attempt a counter-portrait, but we feel this does nothing to represent that intricate, contradictory, complicated, mysterious being, One-self—mean and poor—meaner and poorer than we can find courage to prove ourself by example, yet with gleams of something higher and better than we fancy other people would ever guess, with something to excuse (as it seems to ourselves) our worst and basest acts. In fact, our identity becomes a question as we muse upon the shadow our pen of the past conjures up. Are we the same that wrote this confession twenty years ago? Are we responsible, or are we not? We have to sweep away these cobwebs before we can frankly own ourselves, or take upon our present consciousness the debts and responsibilities of our past.

We are then driven to the conclusion that, strictly for our own use, these records would be without value—would miss their aim as being fallacious and superficial. We cannot present a picture of our state of mind at any given time which we can honestly call full and accurate. We may say things of ourself that are true, but we cannot read them afterwards without a running comment changing or modifying their bearing. And the constant use that these self-portraits are put to, as well as the extreme vagueness which characterizes the self-accusation, even while clothing itself in the strongest language, excuses us in thinking that in the majority of cases self-teaching has not been the only, perhaps not even the main object. There is often apparent a deliberate intention of utilizing the exercise. The thought of other readers comes in with influential force, dictating a formula, and the journal then only becomes a recognised form of dogmatic teaching, and—as based on the fallacy that others are admitted into an inner privacy and retirement where they were never dreamt of—surely not the most useful form. Whenever we see that there was actually no thought or apprehension of other eyes—whenever the scrupulous conscience commits itself unreservedly to paper—we experience something of the shame of real intruders, and feel we are where we ought not to be—as in the case of some of Froude's curious self-torturing confessions, or where Henry Martin reproaches himself for having sat silent, and said nothing to the coachman about his soul, in the few miles' drive between parting with his betrothed and leaving his country for ever.

After all, it is a point on which one person has no right to prescribe for another. It is possibly a mere case of sympathy, and there may be high uses in religious biographies to those who can appreciate them. The journal valuable to everybody, however, is the simplest possible record of a man's own doings, and the dates that clear up his past and arrange it in accurate distances. Perhaps, as a fact, the most uneventful lives are those most frequently thus noted down. It is something to do, and gives significance to what is felt an unimportant career. Lord Bacon remarks, "It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it." The truth is, it is only in novels that the zeal to keep a record increases with the complication of business. After a busy day or week, our journal is a decided bore; but we need not say the more active and stirring the life we note down, at some cost, it may be of our ease, the more valuable, and even satisfactory—though satisfaction is by no means the thing to be aimed at or expected—will it be in the retrospect, and when we have floated into still waters again.

PROFESSIONAL IGNORANCE.

THE poet says—the definite article makes the sentence conveniently indefinite, when you do not remember what poet it was—that “Science is not science till revealed.” The practical application of the dogma is that no man can be said really to know anything, unless he is able to teach it to others. The old Universities carried out this principle to its fullest length. Every man who had finished his own course of study was supposed to begin at once to teach others. He received the title of Master, or Doctor—names which primarily imply teaching; and it was held to be his duty actually to discharge the functions of a teacher, at least during the time known as Regency. To say that there is no test of knowledge so good as a man’s power of communicating his knowledge is in fact a truism, because it is the only test by which any man can judge of another man’s knowledge. If a man cannot communicate his knowledge at all, the knowledge may indeed exist, but nobody can ever know for certain that it does exist. We assume, then, that every man who knows anything is able, in some degree to communicate what he knows to others. But communication of knowledge may take two forms, one of which is a much better test than the other. A man may be called on to communicate his knowledge of his subject either to those who already know something of it, or to those who know nothing of it. We hold that the real test of a man’s knowledge on any subject is his power of communicating his knowledge to those who know nothing at all of that subject.

When we say “know something” and “know nothing,” we mean to be taken quite literally. When we speak of a person knowing something, we suppose that his knowledge, though imperfect, is real as far as it goes. We mean that he is one who is studying the subject, but who has not yet fully mastered it. So, by knowing nothing, we mean really knowing nothing—by the wholly ignorant man, we mean one who has no notion on the subject at all, not one who has some, but inaccurate notions. We mean a mind which is clean blank paper, not a sheet which has been already scribbled upon. We assume that he who knows something and he who knows nothing have both of them still much to learn, but that neither of them has anything to unlearn. The process of uprooting error is one of the most useful tasks to which a man can give himself; but it is not in itself at all the highest part of the teacher’s duty. Indeed, it implies the existence of bad teachers, of husbands men who not only do not sow wheat, but who sow tares instead. We assume our ignorant person’s mind, then, to be ready for the admission of truth, and not already possessed by error. A clever, inquiring child is of course the most promising subject; but a sensible man who has not given his mind to the particular study in question is in nearly the same position. His power of mere learning and remembering will be less than that of the child; but his power of understanding and judging will of course be stronger.

In the novel of *Peter Simple*, O’Brien, being wholly ignorant of fencing, fights a duel with swords with a French officer who is perfectly skilled in that art. Peter is alarmed for his friend’s safety in such an encounter. O’Brien comforts him by saying that, if he knew a little of fencing, his fears would be quite in place; but as he knows nothing, his adversary will be as much puzzled by his ignorance as he will be by his adversary’s knowledge. The field will therefore be a fair one; and so it proved, by O’Brien presently running the Frenchman through the body. However this may be as to the use of the small sword, there is no doubt that O’Brien’s principle is perfectly true in most departments of knowledge. The knowing man can seldom understand the position of the ignorant one. That is to say, he does not understand it unless his own knowledge is really of the highest kind. If it is that merely empirical knowledge which most people’s knowledge is, he cannot in the least explain things to one who is wholly ignorant. His mind becomes a system of formulas. Technicalities become to him a second nature. He forgets that there was a time when he did not understand them himself—he forgets that, after all, they are merely arbitrary helps to knowledge and not knowledge itself. Ask him to explain one formula, and he explains it by another as obscure and arbitrary as the first. The formulas which, to the uninitiated, are meaningless, directly convey their meaning to him. He forgets that they are not in the eternal fitness of things, and wonders that they do not convey the same meaning to others. He is like a man who should expect a person to read that has never learned the alphabet, or one who should be puzzled because a man does not know what is said when he is spoken to in a language which he does not understand.

Now this sort of empirical knowledge does very well for many practical purposes. It will often be quite enough for the efficient discharge of a man’s office or profession. It may even qualify him, in a certain way, as a teacher. To a pupil who already knows some of his formulas, he may be well able to teach both new formulas and new applications of the old ones. He may have a vast store of facts, and may be well able to communicate them to others. He may have a large share of shrewdness in his own vocation, and may be able to give many practical hints to those who are intellectually his betters. But ask him anything which involves a principle, and he stands aghast. He may be able to tell you that many things are so and so; and you may be much obliged to him for much useful information. But once ask him *why* anything is so and so, and you have got out of his beat. When you want an explanation, he can at most give you a technical definition. When you ask for the bread of a principle, all he has to give is the stone of a precedent.

Here, then, is the test. The man of merely empirical knowledge will be quite unable to impart his knowledge to a child or a wholly ignorant person. What he knows, he knows by practice; he cannot put himself into the position of the ignorant person; he cannot realize his wants or his difficulties; he cannot believe that the formulas and technicalities which are so plain to him are absolutely meaningless to another. In fact, with all his practical knowledge of his subject, there is a higher sense in which he does not know it at all. But the man who has a really clear view of his subject gets beyond formulas into realities. He fully understands the position of the ignorant person. He can at once explain everything in a way which will make the child or the unlearned man not only learn what is, but understand why it is.

A good scholar, ignorant of architecture, once said that “he did not know a transept from a gurgyle.” A companion, versed in architecture, but wholly ignorant of music, imitated the saying by adding that he himself “did not know an octave from an andante.” A skilful professor of music objected to this standard of ignorance that an octave and an andante are incapable of being compared together, or mistaken for one another. The professor thereby showed this incapacity of realizing the state of mind of the wholly ignorant. That a man does not know a transept from a gurgyle, or an octave from an andante, are formulas which exactly express *total* ignorance. It is just because the things compared are incapable of comparison that they do so well express total ignorance. They show that the man has heard the technical words, but that they are to him mere sounds, conveying no meaning whatever. If a man says that he does not know a transept from an aisle, or a bass from a treble, it is clear that his ignorance is not total. He may know very little, but he knows something. He knows at least that a transept and an aisle, a bass and treble, are things which stand in some relation to one another and which may therefore possibly be mistaken for one another. The words are no longer mere unmeaning sounds—they have begun to convey some glimmering of an idea. An empirical professor of architecture or of music may easily supply what is wanting. Such a one can without any difficulty expound the difference between a transept and an aisle or between a bass and a treble. But to conceive the depth of ignorance which did not know the difference between a transept and a gurgyle or between an octave and an andante—that is to say, the depth of ignorance to which the technical terms of architecture or music are mere sounds, conveying no meaning whatever—is a state of things which a merely empirical professor of either subject cannot in the least realize.

We once asked a surgeon, skilful in his own calling, *why* a certain disease was called St. Vitus’s dance. The surgeon at once began to give us a technical description of the disorder. Perhaps our question was rather an unreasonable one, as being more a question of hagiology than of medicine. One would have thought none the worse of a surgeon, as a surgeon, who promptly answered that he did not know. But our friend did not understand the question. He knew the symptoms of the disease and the proper way of treating it; he knew perfectly well what it was that was called St. Vitus’s dance; but the state of mind which could wish to know *why* it was called St. Vitus’s dance was one into which he could not enter.

An Englishman living in a border district, where English and Welsh are spoken almost indifferently, remarked that all the neighbouring parishes had distinct English and Welsh names. Commonly they were mere translations of one another; but in one case the English and Welsh names had not at first sight any palpable connexion. The Englishman asked the clergyman of the parish, “What does Llan—(the Welsh name) mean?” “O, it means St—(the English name).” The Welsh name, it so happens, is not very intelligible in its own tongue, and has given some little trouble to Welsh antiquaries. The worthy pastor had gone on all his life using the two names, according to which language he was speaking, satisfied that Llan—practically meant St—, and that St—practically meant Llan—, but never once thinking what was the real meaning of the words which he had so often in his mouth.

Hardly anybody can have gone through life without finding out that busy professional and official people are, for the most part, the very last to be able to give an outside person an intelligible explanation of any point in the working of their professions or offices. The least likely person to give you any clear principle of jurisprudence would be a solicitor in large practice, and we suspect that there are many barristers in large practice who would not serve the turn any better. We may go a step higher. Lord Macaulay tells us that busy official and Parliamentary men are the last to whom we are to look for discoveries in political science. So it is, and probably it is best that it should be so. Sound principle is better than routine, but routine is better than vague theory. On the whole, we get on better by following precedent than those nations which do develop a new theory every year. Still, one may have too much of the wisdom of our forefathers. Generally, the more unreasonable the practice of any department is, the more pertinaciously does that department cleave to it. It can give no reason for what it does, only that it always has done so. In most cases, we should find on examination that there once was a perfectly good reason for what is done, but that, by change of times, the reason has ceased to apply. But the genuine official can give you no reason whatever, good or bad. He thinks you a little mad for asking for any reason. Or possibly he thinks he can give you a reason; but when the reason comes out, it is simply the precedent stated in other words. He can give you, after all, nothing more than the Archdeacon who discharges Archidiaconal functions.

From the highest offices and the highest professions, this same

sort of empirical knowledge reaches down to the lowest offices and trades. The principle is the same, but its manifestations are somewhat different. What is routine in the higher walks gradually sinks into purely mechanical action in the lower. In the higher offices and professions, though the empiric never gets beyond details, still even the details require a certain exercise of thought; but as you go lower, the exercise of even this lower form of thought becomes gradually less and less needful, and the whole thing becomes purely mechanical. Take an intermediate case. A letter goes wrong and you complain at the Post Office; or there is an item in your tax-paper which you do not understand, and you apply to the Surveyor of Taxes. You get an answer, probably on a big sheet of paper and full of big words. It is meant to be courteous—it is meant to be perspicuous. But it hardly ever contains any answer to your question. The so-called answer most commonly consists of your own statement translated from the plain English in which you wrote it into the marvellous dialect which seems natural to official people. Your correspondent doubtless does his work perfectly well; he is a useful public servant; he strictly follows the routine of his duty; but to explain anything is quite beyond him. When asked what anything means, all he can do is to retreat under cover of a cloud of "individuals" and "allusions."

Go a little lower, where the thing has become purely mechanical. The tax-collector comes for your contribution to the Income-Tax under Schedule X. You have the good or bad luck to be liable quarterly under several schedules, and you forget at the moment what source of income Schedule X represents. You have a general confidence that these things are, by some mysterious process, always sure to come right in the end; but at the same time you have a sort of vague and superstitious wish to know what the charge is before you pay it. "Which is Schedule X?" you are unwise enough to ask. "This is Schedule X," says the collector, pointing to the slip of paper which says that you are liable for so much under Schedule X. "But which Schedule is Schedule X?" The collector, by this time, becomes amazed at your ignorance, and begins to expound to you the whole scheme of Income-Tax from the very beginning. "But is Schedule X land, funds, professions, offices, or what?" The collector at last begins to understand the question, and has to confess that he does not know. The routine of the collector is to take money, and not to answer questions; the routine of the Post Office official is to make-believe to answer questions without really giving any answer; the routine of the Prime Minister himself is to do the very same thing, only on more exalted subjects and in a more magnificent way. But all alike follow routine—all alike are puzzled when you ask them the reason of anything. Never think at all, but do whatever is usual, is a safe rule in most offices and most professions.

Empirical knowledge of this kind, however practically safe and profitable it may be, is really a very inferior sort of knowledge after all. If you want to find out whether a man really knows his own subject in any way worth calling knowledge, or whether he merely shelters himself behind formulas and hard words, there is no test so good as to see whether he can translate his technicalities into words which will be understood by an intelligent child.

THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

IS it permitted to us to discuss an article of feminine attire? That is a point upon which the doctors of etiquette and the pundits of refinement will differ. We know that there are those who would bar off such subjects as too sacred for virile pen to profane with its touch. In their eyes, the physicians who preach upon the text of stays, and the caricaturists who record the achievements of crinoline, are sacrilegious wretches, who, if the nineteenth century gave any opportunity for such crimes, would have been the Acteons or the Peeping Toms of their age. But there are social grievances which obtrude themselves so forcibly that they transcend all the powers of polite endurance; and of these crinoline is one. It has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. We would, if it were possible, gladly uphold the graceful illusion which assumes a perfect ignorance in every masculine mind of the mechanism by which the luxurious outlines of female drapery are built up. But the realities touch the other sex too nearly. They do not suffer us to eat, or walk, or drive in peace. The custom of society places the sexes in too close proximity for one of them to be able to ignore the fact that the diameter of the other has grown, on an average, three feet within the last ten years. The bell-like excrescence of interlacing steel which has recently developed itself upon that which, by a mockery is called the softer sex, affects too closely the unprotected male for him to be able to forget it. At the dinner and in the dance, in the opera-box and the pew, in driving or in walking, it asserts its presence too substantially to be ignored. As well might the guardsman ignore his shako, or the belated traveller ignore the barricades which Mr. Thwaites erects in our principal thoroughfares to stimulate the virtue of punctuality. We willingly accept the principle that it is not our place to descant upon women's clothing. If it were only their clothing, we would gladly leave its merits to our esteemed contemporary *Le Follet*. But, by the law of its construction, it is too often man's clothing as well. It trips him up in the street, and entangles his legs upon the railway platform. It adds another to the horrors of a fashionable chapel, and smothers the aspirations of many a soul in which religious impulses are already faintly struggling with dull sermons and bad air. It overwhelms him at the concert, blockades him in the theatre, and at

last ignominiously expels him from his own brougham. At dinner, curling in mountainous folds upon his lap, it interposes an impenetrable barrier between his fingers and his spoon, or at best makes the conveyance of soup to his lips a feat of difficult and perilous legerdemain. It is impossible for man to ignore crinoline as long as in most of the relations of life he carries half of it upon his knees.

Groaning under this incubus, the male section of the community may be pardoned for an expression of joy at the news that this long domination is tottering to its fall. The banner of freedom has been raised in the North-west. The names of our intending liberators are not yet made known to public gratitude, but a contemporary, whose authority upon such subjects is unimpeachable, announces that in the course of last week "a numerous and highly influential body of the ladies of Tyburnia" assembled in public meeting to consider the abolition of crinoline. The meeting was "convened by ladies of high position, assisted by a lady secretary." But when it came to the point, the fair conspirators appear to have distrusted their own resolution. The meeting was entirely composed of ladies, with a single exception—but that exception was an important one. Some gentleman in whom, with unexampled unanimity, all the fair patriots combined to trust, was voted into the chair. It was a difficult, almost a dangerous, function to fulfil. He must have been a man of no common mettle who had the courage to discuss such a question as the area of petticoats in the presence of a synod of ladies. Only a very brief summary of the eloquence which he brought to bear upon the subject is recorded by the too concise annalist of this remarkable movement. He appears to have dwelt partly upon the "nuisance to the community generally," partly upon the death by fire to which the votaries of this fashion cheerfully expose themselves, partly upon the cruel drain which it causes upon Paterfamilias's emaciated purse. And he concluded with quotations from "Lord Palmerston and other high authorities," whose dicta upon the subject we shall doubtless see at length as soon as the new society begins to issue its papers. The opposition was conducted by one young lady, who alone tried to stem the torrent of revolution. She announced that concessions to public feeling were about to be made on the part of the ruling powers, and that "fireproof crinolines, made more portable and convenient," were about to be introduced. But she stood alone in her advocacy of moderate measures. Every other speaker was in favour of a root and branch reform. The lady secretary, and several other ladies, gave in their adhesion to the chairman's bolder views; and at last "it was resolved that the use of crinoline is inconvenient, ridiculous, and highly dangerous, and that proper steps should be taken to set these facts before the public, and to bring about its early disuse." The "facts" require no "proper steps" to be taken to set them before the public. No steps, however proper, could do it so unmistakably as it is done now. The public is always finding the "facts" set before it only too effectually in every street and every drawing-room; and the public's agility is being constantly put to the severest test in avoiding the traps which the said "facts" are always laying for unwary feet.

If the notoriety or universality of a nuisance had any tendency to procure its abolition, the area of the female pyramid would have been long ago curtailed by a great many square feet. But the history of crinoline, and indeed of several other fashionable vagaries, is in curious contradiction to the laws by which human action is usually supposed to be governed. If the female sex had possessed any of that enlightened selfishness which political economists ascribe to all mankind, the Tyburnian ladies, and the one heroic Tyburnian chairman, would have had no occasion for their praiseworthy agitation. Aesthetically, the fashion has the effect of leveling the old and the young, the fat and the slight, the beautiful and the ugly, and giving to the lithe and graceful figure of a girl an artificial dowager spread. Socially, it is very inconvenient, besides its liability to cause those drawing-room *auto-da-fés* which occasionally test its hold over the affections of its disciples. Financially, it trebles or quadruples the already extravagant cost of female dress, and tends to confine social enjoyment even more perniciously than before to the thriftless or the wealthy. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, the fashion received a hearty welcome in England, and has established a mastery which it will tax all the zeal of the Tyburnian reformers to overthrow. The cause of its success will be a curious study to the future historian of our manners and customs. The French Empress enjoyed no peculiar popularity in England, and the French Court was regarded, for very sufficient reasons, with abhorrence. But still, to the decree of the French Empress the women of England paid an obedience as absolute as could have been paid by a Paris journalist. At her command, issued for reasons best known to herself, they proceeded without murmur or delay to treble their dressmakers' bills, to bulge out their own figures into the shape of a gin-bottle, and to make themselves two or three times too voluminous to fit, with any sort of comfort, into the scantier doorways, rooms, carriages, and seats which were constructed for a less protuberant generation. They appear to regard Paris with the same sort of unquestioning devotion with which a Romanist looks to Rome. The Romanist does not ask whether it is fool, knave, or dotard who sits in St. Peter's Chair. It is sufficient for him to know that the somebody, who has somehow climbed up to that eminence, has spoken; and he shapes his faith accordingly, cutting out a bit here, and piecing on a bit there. So does the fashionable matron look to the Tuileries. She does not inquire who rule the Court, or how they rule it, or what notes they can show

of vestimentary infallibility. When Paris has spoken, there is nothing left for the dutiful Belgians but to obey. It is a mercy that the French Exchequer has broken down under the weight of the Empress's millinery bills, or we in England should soon have returned to the condition of the good old times in which the whole of a maiden's portion was invested in her smart dress. If the Tyburnian Secessionists secure to us at least this article of State Rights—to be allowed to choose our own dresses according to our own insular prejudices touching diameter and expense—they will deserve to live in history as national heroines by the side of Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa. As for the chairman—the one male who has had the courage to head this *corps* of social Amazons—we should propose for him a statue on one of the vacant sites in Trafalgar Square, representing him walking in triumph with an inverted crinoline upon his head.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE REVISED CODE.

A GREAT step is made towards the satisfactory settlement of a measure when its principle is clearly apprehended. For the last six months, the British public has been cudgelling its brains in a vain endeavour to grasp the ever-fugitive principle of the Revised Code. Until recently, it has been altogether at sea on this point. At one moment, indeed, land seemed to be sighted, when, in answer to a member of a deputation which waited on him some weeks ago, the Lord President replied somewhat incontinently that the principle of the change was payment for results. And this, upon the whole, is the idea which has taken strongest hold of the public mind. We have recently drawn attention to the fact that the real principle of the Minute, if by principle be meant that on which the measure indispensably rests, is nothing of the kind, but the mere commutation of all the existing annual grants into a single capitation grant. We hardly expected that the *Times* would be so prompt in confirming the truth of our assertion by a candid admission of the correctness of our view. "The main and primary object," according to that journal, "of the Code appears to be to abolish the present system of appropriated payments, and to consolidate all those different sums into a single payment to be made to the managers only, and to be appropriated to the use of their schools in such manner as they think proper."

By these few words the *Times* sweeps away the cobwebs with which this controversy has been so ingeniously overlaid. We now know clearly what the contest is about. Simplification of the present system is the primary object which Mr. Lowe contemplates. Up to the last moment, we were told to accept the new Code, not as a merely simplifying measure, but as recommended by its inherent philosophical simplicity. But from this high platform there has been a sudden and swift descent. Instead of being the incubator of an intrinsically philosophical scheme, Mr. Lowe is merely bent, it seems, on executing the more vulgar task of cleaning out the Augean stable of the Council Office. The primary object, in his view, is no longer to secure for the country a sounder teaching of elementary subjects. It is no longer to extend the benefit of education to the three-fourths of elementary scholars who leave school with nothing but a smattering of knowledge. It is no longer to reach the poor rural districts where aid is most wanted. It is no longer to place a limit on the growing annual expenditure on national education. It is merely to put an end to the complexity of administration in the Education Department. It is to ease the shoulders of Mr. Lingen of his intolerable burden, and to afford the fainting clerks in Whitehall relief. This is an avowal which materially clears the ground for the decision of Parliament. What the House of Commons will have to consider is, whether the object is worth its cost. Is not complexity more or less incident to all effective administration? Is it, in this case, so enormous as to justify the impending revolution? Granting it to be serious, is a case made out requiring such unsparing use of the knife?

The necessity for simplification rests entirely on the evidence of three gentlemen, who were examined by the Royal Commissioners, and who speak undoubtedly with great authority on this or any subject connected with popular education. The most explicit of the three is Mr. Lingen, the present Secretary to the Committee of Council, who briefly sums up his evidence on this head by the remark that, if the present staff at the Council Office were doubled, a double amount of work could not be done as easily or as accurately. Dr. Temple states that the complication in the Office "is enormous in consequence of the central system." And Mr. Chester, for many years Assistant Secretary, gives evidence to the same effect. Opinions entitled to carry so much weight ought to be narrowly scrutinized. It is a little remarkable that two out of these three authorities rest their opinion, not on any apprehension of a break-down in the administration of the Department, but on reasons of a different kind altogether. Dr. Temple is in favour of simplifying the work at the central Office, not because there is too much work to be efficiently done—the natural reason, we submit, for having recourse to simplification—but because he thinks the rigidity of the present system an evil. By rigidity he means, as he goes on to explain, a system of fixed payments, which he considers a bad effect of our central system. In other words, he advocates simplification, not because the increase of business necessitates it, but because he individually is in favour of the principle of decentralization. In like manner, the evidence of Mr. Chester betrays an unmistakable *arrière pensée*. "A great evil," he says, "in the amount of work has been that the Office has been so absorbed by the day's work, that there has been very little

time to consider what improvements might be made in the system, and of late years there has been no attempt whatever to combine different religious bodies and to lay the foundations for something like a national system of education. It is impossible for a person worked as the Secretary is to have time at his disposal to enable him to consider these questions properly." These are singular arguments for simplification. Mr. Chester, like Dr. Temple, says nothing of any general overwork, but he advocates simplification on totally different grounds—first because he happens individually to have secularist leanings on the question of education, and secondly because he desires to give full play to Mr. Lingen's imagination in evolving new schemes of education for the country.

We come lastly to the evidence given by Mr. Lingen himself. This is much more to the point. The cause of the complexity of the Privy Council system is, he rightly asserts, the strict appropriation of grants to pupil teachers and masters; and he expresses the opinion that if the present system, with its local and denominational subdivisions, and its detailed appropriations, were followed out, it would break down at its centre, unless a much greater establishment were provided. Here then, at all events, is a sensible reason for simplifying the operations of the central Office. But how? Mr. Senior suggests, what would naturally occur to any one, an addition to the staff of clerks. This, however, according to Mr. Lingen's view, would not meet the difficulty, inasmuch as it does not obviate the need of constant reference to the head of the Department. But why must everything be so referred? Why should there not be, as in the other offices, so many heads of departments, working of course under the supervision of the Secretary and Vice-President. Because, as Mr. Lingen proceeds to explain, a great deal of administrative discretion is required. Not for the routine business of the office, which is easy enough. "But you have also, connected with this routine, a great variety of questions on which people's feelings and animosities are very easily excited, a great amount of really responsible action entangled in a vast mass of complicated and minute detail;" and this precludes the delegation of work to subordinate officers. Now, if the staff of the Education Office were less intelligent than it is, if it were composed of none but clerks of the ordinary stamp, we should be inclined to admit the force of these remarks of the Secretary. But it happens to include a set of officials known as Examiners, whose function it is to examine the Inspectors' reports and conduct the general correspondence of the Department. These gentlemen are men of intellect and standing, and most of them distinguished by high University honours. We should be sorry to believe them incapable of exhibiting the requisite amount of discretion in their official work. Their functions, we think, might be safely extended, without much risk of their bringing discredit on the Office or involving it in any difficulty. It is obviously impossible for the Office not to come into occasional collision with individual prejudices. An intemperate letter, observes Mr. Lingen, written to the manager of some little out-of-the-way school may produce a commotion in a whole diocese. As a matter of fact, the latest commotion of this kind which we remember was caused by a letter to the manager of some National Schools at Colchester, couched no doubt in temperate language, but bearing the signature of the Secretary himself.

It is thus clear that, of the three witnesses who are in favour of relieving the Council Office from its present labours, two desire it, not on account of any overwhelming pressure of work, but for purely collateral reasons, springing from their own personal predilections. The third, and the most important, urges the complexity of the present system as a reason for a change, but misconceives altogether, as it appears to us, the function of a general Superintendent, and denies that the despatch of business is in direct proportion to the amount of the administrative staff. Now what ground is there, on the other hand, for doubting the necessity of simplification in the peculiar sense which the *Times* attaches to that phrase? In the first place, to pit one name against another, we have the assertion of Sir James Shuttleworth that the administrative difficulty is a mere bugbear. It is true that his experience of the Council Office relates to a period when the work had not swollen to its present dimensions; but, on the other hand, it must be observed that the present Secretary rests his evidence in favour of simplification, not on the amount, but on the nature of the work which the Office has to transact, as to which an ex-Secretary speaks with equal authority. Religious animosities, we take it, remain much what they were fifteen years ago, and a diocese was then quite as inflammable as now. But, apart from Sir James's valuable testimony, there are two quarters whence may be gathered a silent but significant denial of the necessity for change on the ground of overwork. It is notorious that the present educational staff are perfectly able to do the work of the Department, and to do it, on the whole, with admirable efficiency. The lament of Mr. Lingen over the intricacies of his Office are echoed by none of his subordinates. Nor are they corroborated—and this is a fact still more worthy of attention—by any general complaint out of doors with regard to the way in which the Council Office transacts its business. If there was anything like imminent danger of a break-down at the centre, we should have sundry premonitory symptoms in the shape of vexatious delays, unanswered letters, disregarded applications. But we hear of nothing of the kind; and on the whole the administrative ability displayed at head-quarters is a source of general satisfaction to the country. It is difficult, with these facts before us, to exclude the suspicion that the cry against the complexity of the present system has been exaggerated, and put

forward to screen ulterior motives. If it is not so, why is it that Mr. Lowe and the *Times* are so resolute in rejecting any reasonable instalment of simplification? It would be easy to point out many particulars in which the administration of the Council Office might be really simplified. The main cause of complexity, we are told, is the strict appropriation of payments. A school has pupil-teachers, and each must have his annual Post-office order, the transmission of which entails a great deal of detail work. We see no great danger in somewhat relaxing such excessive care "in tracing money to its ultimate destination." Payments to pupil-teachers serving in the same school might be safely consolidated into one Post-office order, and transmitted with an invoice specifying the share of each, to be signed by each recipient, and returned to the Council Office. The risk of misappropriation would be much less than the risk, under the Revised Code, of public money being obtained upon dishonest returns. Again, it would be quite possible to merge several of the existing grants into a single capitation grant, without commuting the whole of them for that form of payment. These and other similar considerations are what would naturally occur to unsophisticated minds bent on simplifying the intricacies of the present system.

But Mr. Lowe's meaning is very different. His notion of simplification is peculiar, though not altogether original. He simplifies by destroying. He is welcome to the euphemism so long as the public really knows what he is about. It is not the first time that trenchant measures have been veiled under a mild phrase. Constitutional government, which is as full of complexity as the Privy Council system, has before now been "simplified" by an autocrat, and a reign of "order" inaugurated. You have a clumsy and uncouth youngster entrusted to your care, difficult to manage, and full of defects, which you profess yourself anxious to amend, and by way of applying a remedy you begin by knocking him down. This is a simplification of the matter with a vengeance. Starting with the announcement of "the primary object" of the new Code — the abolition of appropriated payments — the *Times*, gathering assurance as it proceeds, appears to spy new beauties in it at every turn. With a ludicrous inconsequence it labours to establish a necessary connexion between the mere consolidation of grants and efficiency in fundamental instruction. Abolish these appropriations, and your reading, writing, and arithmetic will improve. This is the drift of its argument in the article from which we have already quoted. But it is a fallacy too transparent to impose on anyone. There is not the slightest connexion between the two points. It may be wise or unwise to consolidate the annual grants into one. It is the duty of the State to lay particular stress on sound elementary knowledge. But what have these two propositions to do with each other? Deal as you choose with the former, the latter is not involved in or dependent on it. The fact is that this is a lame attempt to reconcile the real with the ostensible principle of the Revised Code. The advocates of this measure have derived too much advantage from the cry of payment for results to abandon it hastily. It has done them too much good service, and is far too specious to be dropped from their armoury. The issue, therefore, which they persist in trying to place before Parliament and the country, is, whether or not the nation will require an equivalent for its money in improved elementary teaching. As to this there is hardly any difference of opinion. All are agreed to apply, if possible, a remedy to the defects reported by the Royal Commissioners. But the real question is, whether the scheme propounded by Mr. Lowe will do this effectually, and, granting that it will, within certain narrow limits, whether it will not be at a grievous sacrifice of the interests of education in the higher and larger sense of the word. This is the issue which Mr. Walpole's Resolutions will raise, and which the Government will do their utmost to evade.

All true friends to national education are as anxious as Mr. Lowe to take guarantees for better elementary teaching; but a great many among them think his machinery ill-adapted for that purpose, and destitute of practical solidity, if not altogether Utopian. They cannot close their eyes to the glaring absurdity of making reading, writing and arithmetic the sole and exclusive basis of State-aid. The Ministerial leader in the House of Lords shows unmistakable anxiety to catch an affirmation of the principle of the Code. To devise means for improving the elementary teaching in schools, and extending the benefit of education to children who have hitherto had little share in it, is an object to which both individual statesmen and the community at large stand committed. But they are committed to nothing else — least of all to an approval of the crotchets of a doctrinaire Minister.

CLEANING UP.

IN magazine articles, among the pattern men and stock characters of the smart story, we constantly find the great thinker and "literary man," who ought rather to be called the littery man. His study is always sacred from housemaids — brush and duster never disturb the dirty and serene temples of the wise. As it is a sure mark of a lofty mind to delight in disorder, great intellects always show themselves superior to common prejudices, and the man who neglects cleanliness at home may be likely enough to be taken for a disbeliever in Christianity itself, which is about the highest compliment which a novel-writer usually pays to his hero. This ideal character of Dirty Dick is morally false, for the well-regulated mind is shown in a sense of decency, order, propriety, and neatness; and it is high time to assert that to be untidy and unclean is no mark of genius. Not long ago, we got into trouble with some of our

lady readers for hinting that the British *ménage* was not so clean as it might be, and that our Lares and Penates, in London at least, were worshipped with a cultus of dust and cobwebs. But the dirtiest household is, one day or other, overtaken by fate and whitewash. Either a daughter is married, or the landlord calls on us to execute a covenant to paper and paint, and the judgment of involuntary cleanliness is upon us. It is with cities as with households. We are going through the miseries of cleaning up. The fatal First of May is upon us. Our visitors are already on the move, and we must get our house swept and garnished before all the world is knocking at the doors of the International Exhibition of 1862. To be sure, there are a good many slut-holes in London to rake out; and a good deal of scrubbing-brush and scavenger work to be done before, as they say in the kitchen, we shall be fit to be seen. And of course, as in all cleanings up, we put off the evil day as long as we can — partly because, as schoolboys reasonably argue, washing our hands is in itself a bore, and partly because, if we wash our hands too soon, they will get dirty again. So it comes to pass that we are beginning to do a little in the way of tidying up, but April will find us in the full swing of the virtue which is next to godliness. And not before it was wanted. London is not a pretty place; but what little there is to see in it is spoiled by neglect and nastiness.

For example, there is the finest site in Europe, as we boast it to be. Trafalgar Square is a national disgrace. There is one man on horseback expecting his fellow rider in bronze, and he seems destined to wait. There is the great Nelson Column, which, after nearly twenty years, remains incomplete, as though for the express purpose of keeping alive the annual Parliamentary question about Sir Edwin Landseer's lions, which are always just going to be set up, and which never appear. And there was the Jenner statue, which, being too bad even for this miserable Valhalla, has been judiciously carted away. And then there are the two pools of stagnant water dedicated to breeding *conferva*, which we dignify with the name of fountains. But we are at last smartening up even Trafalgar Square. As is only right and reasonable, something in the way of repairs and cleaning is about to be done in that locality. There is a probability that the miserable cracked asphalt pavement will be restored before our French friends are tempted to institute a comparison between the bitumen of Paris and of London, and a huge and closely boarded enclosure promises that the leaky basins of the fountains will be patched up, or even suggests the possibility that actual fountains are in progress. Fired by a noble emulation, the Duke of Northumberland is going to do something with his house front, and to make the lion quite presentable. Even Mr. W. Cowper shows some signs of life, and the reviving energies of spring are extending as far as Pall Mall and Waterloo Place. After sundry experiments in grammar, it is generally believed that the scaffold poles round the Guards Memorial signify that Mr. Bell has at last settled the inscription which is to tell us what the quoit-holding lady perched up aloft signifies, and we have some hopes that the black paint which has long beautified this monument is about to give place to bronze.

Lord St. Leonards has done his best to show that the law is interested in preserving the filthy *status quo* in Leicester Square; and, in any case, the Bill before Parliament will hardly be able to extemporize an improvement in that unsavoury enclosure in time to show our guests who congregate in that neighbourhood that an English place is public property, and that our ædiles have other duties than the solemn one of resisting public improvements and encouraging public nuisances. In the matter of the proposed road through Hyde Park, we have vindicated a great principle, which, in the face of what has been done in Paris, has its value; and it is pleasant to find that a conflict of authorities can be so managed as to prove that it is nobody's duty to do, and everybody's duty to prevent, what everybody wants. In the affair of the Brompton approaches to the Exhibition buildings, a beautiful principle has been vindicated; and just as at Berlin (or was it Potsdam?) the private mill long suggested that even absolute kings had a Naboth who was one too many for them, so the dingy little inclosures which encroach on the Brompton road will testify to admiring strangers the reverence that we pay to vested rights of nuisance, and the deference with which we acknowledge that every man who is a Briton has the right to stand in the way of the general convenience. Our parks, too, will, unless something is done, and that very rapidly, show to a wondering crowd of visitors, fresh from the Bois de Boulogne, that we can afford to fall back upon our traditional reputation without incurring the trouble and expense of putting our capabilities into practice. A Condé could once show his English friend turf from Epsom Downs laid on the sumptuous lawns of Chantilly; but the scrubby and mangy sward of the St. James's Park enclosure, guiltless of even a blade of grass — especially in that happy angle which abuts on Spring Gardens and the Horse Guards — will, unless a horde of gardeners are at once hired by the Woods and Forests, prove that, though we can export turf, we cannot lay it down for home consumption. A good many dead trees, too, in the same neighbourhood, will vindicate our appreciation of the picturesque; though it is at least an open question whether withered trunks and leafless branches are not better on canvas than in fact.

But if we cannot sacrifice to the public Graces, we can recognise the claims of public, or rather, private necessity. However it may be with the Charites, Cloacina is to stand, unabashed and inviting, not at the street corners, but in the most public place of the most public highway of London. The happy thought of the St. George's Vestry to erect what the newspapers call a public con-

venience opposite Devonshire House, standing both naked and undorned to the general gaze full in the centre of the Piccadilly footpath, and commanding the favourite entrance to the Green Park, will certainly recommend itself to those critics of our national manners who will find it hard to reconcile the nocturnal condition of Regent Street and the Haymarket with the severe morals of the most religious people upon earth. Nor will the thoughtful and meditative foreigner fail to ponder over some of our other national inconsistencies. He will take note of our national thrift and of our national recklessness. While he will duly admire our judicious frugality in the matter of bridges over the Thames, he will also discover that, though land in the City of London is appraised at a guinea a foot, we can afford for at least a quarter of a century in one case, and for ten or twelve years in other instances, to allow such sites as those of Victoria Street at Holborn Bridge, the Giltspur Street Counter, and the Fleet Prison, to lie unappropriated and forgotten, as desolate, as depopulated, and almost as big as a Sahara. And with the New Earl Street unfinished, and the New Covent Garden Street a refuge for all the dirt and indecency of a poor population, the same student of national life will compare the relative advantages of an Imperial builder of cities and of a metropolitan Board of No-Works. Perhaps, however, we shall, with some pardonable pride, show our Continental friends in May that architectural composition which appeared in the last *Illustrated London News*; and with the stately towers of the palace of Parliament backing the noble outline of the Abbey, so happily contrasted with the subdued beauty of grouping brought out by St. Margaret's Church and the Memorial Column, we may reasonably boast that there is one oasis in the great blank of London. But what can we say if we are reminded that, though we are prodigal in our millions, we are parsimonious in our thousands? How shall we reply to the taunt that, if we can appreciate the romantic liveliness of Marochetti's *Cœur de Lion*, we cannot afford to put it on a decent pedestal? What can we say to the venerable Abbey itself, the whole surface of which has been for two centuries skinned and mutilated? What shall we answer if we are reminded that the Chapter House, a building scarcely equalled in Europe, is consigned to the moth and the worm, to rats and mildew? Or what is to be our excuse if it is hinted, by way of some check to the vanity which appeals to the hundreds of thousands so cheerfully expended on that exquisite creation of Captain Fowke's art at South Kensington, that the great temple of the Reformed faith, St. Paul's itself—the greatest work of one of our few great and real architects, Sir C. Wren—has never been completed; and that in these latter days we are trying to begin to decorate it on no plan, because with no resources and no knowledge of how it ought to be done?

AID TO VOLUNTEERS.

THE caution evinced by Government in granting aid to Volunteers at the first onset of the movement may be defended on more than one ground. It was needful to test the sincerity of the Volunteers. Were they thoroughly in earnest? Were they prepared for the protracted drudgery of drills and parades? Was the movement the result of a temporary effervescence of feeling or of a steadfast purpose? In short, did it signify business or "bunkum"? Again, Government was entitled to ascertain whether the Volunteers, whatever might be their good intentions, would acquire sufficient discipline and efficiency to render them of any real utility in case of war. Some allowance must also be made for the sudden spread of the movement, the increased pressure of work at the War Office, and the difficulty of dealing with questions entirely new, and the decision upon which might establish inconvenient precedents. We do not, therefore, attribute blame to Government for the hesitating manner in which it held out the hand to Volunteers in the earlier period of the movement. Deliberation was necessary, and timidity was excusable. But the state of affairs has undergone a great change in the course of three years. Volunteers have proved their sincerity by devoting themselves as a body with patient assiduity to the work of their profession. Leisure hours have been sacrificed to drill and business hours to parades—many inconveniences have been cheerfully submitted to—nay, in the case of some corps, the hardships and privations of campaigning have been voluntarily encountered. More than this, the discipline and efficiency of a large proportion of the Volunteer force are such as to entitle it to be considered a valuable element in the defensive resources of the country.

We need not stop to argue with those who think war so improbable and invasion so visionary as to justify disbanding our army, dismantling our fortifications, and converting our ships of war into convict hulks and mail packets. The nation was of a different opinion only a few weeks ago, and has not altered its mind since. We may take it for granted that only an insignificant section of the population believes that we can so reckon upon peace as to act as if war were not only improbable but impossible. We press these considerations—superfluous as it may seem to most of us—because we should deem it a national disaster if the Volunteer force, in the absence of any immediate danger, were permitted to languish and die out. A run of sunshiny weather should not lull us into forgetfulness of the storms that have passed. If once the Volunteer force breaks down, or degenerates into a few isolated corps little better than so many rifle clubs, it will be very difficult to revive it, even though the muttering thunder of war be heard in the distance. Add to this the lamentable waste of so much material squandered to so little purpose, and, what would be still

more lamentable, the waste of honest enthusiasm ending in shame and disappointment—and further add the damage done to our prestige in the face of Europe, and the loss of that quiet confidence in our own strength which is the best guarantee for national honour and dignity—and we trust we shall have said enough to rouse even the philosophic mind of the present Secretary of War to a sense of the importance of granting to the Volunteer force the assistance indispensable to its welfare. It is necessary to bring these truths home to the public. It is necessary to ask—is it a matter of indifference to the Government whether the Volunteer force take root and flourish or decay and collapse? The genuine character of the movement having been ascertained, and its valuable results admitted, there remains no longer any reason why Government should not strengthen and support it by the exercise of a liberality—wise and well-considered, if you like—but still decided and substantial. In point of fact, liberality is not the right word. Volunteers themselves only ask for justice—the nation will expect, not merely justice, but sound policy. Government is not praised for liberality because it builds iron-plated ships and arms them with Armstrong guns. It is simply considered to have done its duty. But, we shall be told, Government cannot lay out a penny without the consent of Parliament. Admitting the technical accuracy of this plea, we reply that Parliament, in matters relating to the defence of the nation, looks to Government to initiate the measures deemed necessary, and there is little reason to doubt that in regard to the Volunteer service any reasonable proposal of the Executive would be approved and sanctioned by the majority of members on both sides of the House. Ministers, therefore, cannot escape responsibility by alleging want of power.

But what, it may be asked, ought to be done for the Volunteers? What are their wants and requirements? In dealing with the question we propose to put on one side all petty details. We shall not expatiate on the duty of Government to provide great-coats or gaiters; still less shall we urge Ministers to throw themselves into the wholesale clothier business, and sell so many yards of cloth to each Volunteer who can afford to pay down ready money. Small concessions and trivial indulgences of this kind—doled out in a spirit that is not meant to be niggardly, but looks too like it to be pleasant, and hampered by conditions largely partaking of red tape and pipeclay—are really not worth contending for. The principle on which we take our stand is a very simple one, but we are much mistaken if it be not one to which the great mass of Englishmen will readily give their adhesion. It is, that the necessary expenses of Volunteers who originally provided their own outfit, and who by attention to drill for a sufficient period of time have acquired a fair degree of proficiency, ought to be defrayed out of the public resources of the country. We are aware of the inexpediency of summoning Volunteer corps into a sickly state of existence by artificial stimulants. We would not grant to newly-organized corps larger direct assistance than at present; but as soon as a corps has thoroughly taken root—has become fairly efficient and seasoned, and has proved itself so by a creditable performance at the official inspection—then we would place it on a footing with corps of older date, and provide for its maintenance in the one case as well as in the other.

A committee of commanding officers met from time to time in London during the Parliamentary session of last year. Their unanimous opinion was given in favour of a stated annual grant to each corps, in order to meet, at least partially, the necessary current expenses of each year. Every effort was made to throw cold water on the recommendation of the committee. Official subordinates in the House of Commons opposed it, garnishing their hostility by the customary profusion of graceful compliments and empty acknowledgments in honour of Volunteers. The *Times* newspaper, with its habitual subservience to the Government of the day, opened its columns to any correspondent, civil or military, who could throw discredit in tolerable English on the earnest recommendation of the commanding officers. Lord Elcho's speech in the Commons in behalf of the claims of Volunteers was full of point and animation; but its result was very scanty. It was the removal of a palpable grievance, rather than the supply of a pressing want. Drill-sergeants were from thenceforth allowed to rifle corps free of charge. The fact that, up to that time, drill-sergeants had been paid for out of the pockets of Volunteers is one difficult to explain or to justify. The grievance has been partially redressed; that is to say, a corps which employs four or five sergeants gets one of them paid for out of the Consolidated Fund. This is not a concession to be ostentatiously paraded before our eyes as an instance of the generosity of Her Majesty's Government towards the Volunteer service. It was a wrong to some extent undone, and that was all.

It is calculated that the annual expense of each Volunteer, including not merely his uniform and accoutrements, but his share of the working expenses of his corps, will average from thirty shillings to two pounds. Is not an efficient Volunteer, ready for actual service at the shortest notice, worth that small annual outlay to the nation? But then it is objected that a pecuniary grant in aid of necessary expenses to the finance committee of each corps would be degrading to the Volunteers. Why more degrading than the loan of fire-arms or the supply of ammunition? Why more degrading than the ridiculous proposal to sell cloth to Volunteers at wholesale prices for cash? Pecuniary assistance, if it be degrading at all, does not become less so by being disguised. A gift is a gift, whether it be in kind or in money. But we will state what appears to us to be degrad-

ing. It is degrading to the members of Volunteer Corps that, in order to pay their way, they should be compelled to canvass a whole neighbourhood for subscriptions and donations. It is degrading to have recourse to bazaars and concerts in order to stave off positive insolvency. It is degrading to Volunteers to feel that they are dependent for necessary funds upon the liberality of the officers of their corps.

Volunteers do not ask for one farthing of profit. They are willing to sacrifice valuable time — time which to many of them represents money. They are willing to work hard in order to make themselves really efficient. They are willing to place themselves at the disposal of Government at the first symptom of approaching peril. But they ask for no remuneration whatever. Their services are a free gift to the nation. All they expect is that a heavy annual expenditure shall not be laid upon their shoulders over and above the sacrifice of time and labour inseparable from the profession of a Volunteer. Rifle ranges, store-rooms, drill sheds, must be provided and maintained. Armourers, orderly-room clerks, buglers, must, as a rule, receive stated remuneration. Travelling expenses must be defrayed where reviews on a large scale are organized at the instigation of the War Office. But, serious as may be the aggregate of these demands upon the funds of a corps, we believe that an allowance of two pounds for each efficient Volunteer to the finance committee of each corps would be accepted as a satisfactory definite arrangement. In order, however, to secure the support of a lukewarm Government in procuring this quota of assistance from Parliament, it is necessary that Volunteers should bestir themselves. A wholesome pressure must be brought to bear upon members of Parliament by the officers of Volunteer corps; and petitions, such as that adopted at the important meeting of Volunteers at Glasgow last month, over which Mr. Buchanan presided, should be forthwith drawn up, extensively signed, and presented to the House of Commons. But will not the nation take umbrage? Will not the proposed aid to Volunteers render the Volunteers less popular? We believe that it will have far less tendency to "depopularize" the Volunteers than the present system of leaving them to shift entirely for themselves, and forage for supplies at periodical intervals up and down our streets, like artisans on strike or frozen-out gardeners. Let us remember how large a proportion of the nation is intimately connected with the Volunteers — how, in fact, the Volunteers to a great extent represent the strength and intelligence of the nation — before we entertain misgivings that a judicious outlay for the permanent maintenance of the force will excite any other feelings than hearty approval and satisfaction.

We know the sort of objection which may be made to our proposal — that public money cannot be given without requiring an account of its expenditure. But why not? Is not public money given to schools, and left to be expended as the managers think fit? Is not the only question on this particular point now open, whether the check on improper expenditure should be furnished by a casual inspection or by a strict examination? Let the same principle be applied to Volunteers. Let the grant be proportioned to the numbers present at the annual inspection, and let it be withdrawn unless the report of the inspecting officer is favourable. The fact is, that this red tape plea is merely an excuse; and if it is relied on, the Government are bound at least to give all the assistance that can be given in kind — in providing ranges and material whenever required, in supplying as many sergeants as are necessary, and in defraying all expenses except those which are strictly personal to each Volunteer. As we have said, we do not think that this would exhaust the obligations of the Government, but it is the very minimum which can be offered if there is any real desire to maintain the Volunteer force; and while it is withheld, all the technical difficulties raised about giving money without requiring an account are neither more nor less than so much palpable hypocrisy.

THE TURKISH BATH.

THE *Journal of the Society of Arts* of the 23rd ult. contains a very interesting and valuable paper by Mr. Urquhart, on the Turkish bath. The paper was read before the Society, and a report of the discussion which ensued is printed along with it. Mr. Urquhart has brought his proposal for the general introduction of these baths very clearly and forcibly before the public, and we feel called upon to say that the subject ought not to be neglected, and that the paper which discusses it will amply repay perusal. It is quite true, as Mr. Urquhart says, that the introduction of a habit is more difficult than the conquest of an empire, but if the habit be a good one, the philanthropist will not be deterred by difficulty from attempting to introduce it. It is only fair to Mr. Urquhart to quote his description of the benefits of the Turkish bath; and we will add that we should be very glad to be as firmly convinced as he is of the truth of the representation which he makes. He tells us that the Turkish bath —

by rendering us more cleanly, will give us greater strength of muscle, greater power of digestion, greater immunity from disease, greater facilities in recovering health, a longer term of life, a greater contentment in life, more equanimity of mind, a less desire for foreign stimulants, whether physical or mental, which will bring with it a larger share of self-respect, and diminish those causes of disrespect to which we may be exposed from others.

That some part of this description is true we do not doubt. We should have believed, even without the abundant evidence which Mr. Urquhart offers, that the Turkish bath afforded great

facilities for recovering health. We entirely agree to his proposal for the general establishment of these baths in hospitals, because we think that their efficacy, when applied under medical direction, in curing many forms of disease, is beyond question. This treatment is likely to be in many cases beneficial, and it is always pleasant. Whatever may be the feeling of doctors, it is certain that patients are not so obdurate in old habits as to insist upon being cured in some painful or disagreeable way. It may be further assumed without hesitation, upon the testimony of Mr. Urquhart and other admirers of the Turkish bath, that it produces, at least for a time, contentment and equanimity, and even pleasurable sensations which might be described in more glowing terms; but it is quite consistent with all this experience that the ulterior effect of a course of Turkish baths upon an ordinary healthy person should be injurious, although, in the absence of full evidence on the subject, we by no means intend to assert that this is so. It strikes us that a large part of Mr. Urquhart's description, allowing for the heightened colouring which may be ascribed to what we may call his enthusiasm for the Turkish bath, is very fairly applicable to the effects on the human mind and body of frequent exercise and ablution. If it be a just account of the Turkish bath to say that it is a contrivance for attaining the same agreeable results without exercise, there may be reasons for regarding its general introduction with some jealousy. We should think that the old method is best for those who have time and opportunity to practise it, but for those who have not it may be a great gain that the new method should be made accessible. We should suppose that Mr. Urquhart intended to describe some such state of feeling as is experienced by a rowing-man at college when he leaves his dressing-room after a stiff pull on the Cam or Isis. But if Mr. Urquhart could persuade the Universities to substitute Turkish baths for eight-oars, we venture to think that he would do them a great injury. It may be admitted that, if a man finds himself in London with nothing to do till dinner-time, he may get rid of two or three hours very agreeably at a Turkish bath. It may be admitted, also, that if a man lives too freely, a Turkish bath would do him good; not but that, as was remarked at the Society of Arts, "he would be equally relieved by stopping the wine, and beer, and meat." But for the mass of hard-working poor, we cannot help thinking that the Turkish bath is a little like the famous curry powder of a Duke of Norfolk.

It is probable that Mr. Urquhart would do more to advance the cause which he has at heart if he could deny himself the pleasure of exalting Turkish at the expense of Christian ways of acting and feeling, whenever he can find or make an opportunity. He says that the Romans had abused the bath, which the Turks reformed and adopted: —

Knowing they were dirty, they became clean; having common sense, they did not rush on a new device, or set up either a "water cure" or a joint-stock washing company, but carefully considered and prudently adopted what the experience of former ages presented to their hands.

Christians, according to Mr. Urquhart, knowing they were dirty, have remained so. Considering the many ages which elapsed between the disuse of the Roman bath and the formation of joint-stock washing companies, it is not, perhaps, possible to deny that the crust of dirt upon the Christian world must have grown very thick; but it is scarcely fair to say that that world rushed upon a device which even now has been only partially adopted. The founders and promoters of Public Baths and Washhouses, if their equanimity should be disturbed by Mr. Urquhart's sarcasm, may be advised, first, to fortify their self-respect by taking a Turkish bath; and, secondly, to observe that they may, if they like, take it upon the premises of a joint-stock company, which they may venture to believe was formed upon the experience, not of former ages, but of their own and similar humble efforts at association for the advancement of objects supposed to be of national utility. It is no doubt a curious question why the barbarians who overran the Roman Empire neglected to avail themselves of the magnificent baths which covered it. If we were to suggest that their active habits of life prevented them from feeling any great pleasure in these baths, we should only be coming round to the argument which we have before employed against the assumption that the general adoption of these baths would now be a gain to England. It has been conjectured that the excesses of Roman libertinism at the baths may have caused their disuse by the early Christians. Mr. Urquhart does not say that this explanation is true; but he says that if it be true, "the difference between the Christian and the Mussulman would amount to this, that the first could see and reject the evil, the second perceive and select the good." We should think that when Mr. Urquhart read this passage before the Society of Arts, he felt almost as happy as if he had just come out of a Turkish bath. Certainly, if that Society is so obliging as to give him an opportunity of relieving his mind by a few sneers at the religion and customs of the land in which, for its good, he endures to dwell, it would be very far indeed from our desire to complain of the freedom of speech which was allowed to him. It would be quite superfluous to point out the difference in the positions of the struggling Christian sect at Rome under the first Emperors and of the triumphant Mahometan conquerors of Constantinople. But when Mr. Urquhart says that "politeness is of all things that which it is desirable for the people of this country to learn," and that they may learn it at the bath, it occurs to us that a course of baths would be very useful to those who are likely to hold debate with Mr. Urquhart. Indeed, he makes such large demands upon his hearers' patience that his method of conducting argument is quite a literary curiosity. It is as if, on entering the chamber of the Society of Arts, he had

walked round the room and trodden upon the corns of every gentleman there assembled. He says he makes it a point that the bath shall be called "Turkish" and not "Roman." "The word irritates no doubt our self-love," and therefore, it would seem, Mr. Urquhart likes to use it.

By way of improvement on the proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness, Mr. Urquhart hints, although he does not state distinctly his opinion, that Mahometanism with the Turkish bath would be better than Christianity without it. He says that Gibbon has speculated on the consequences to Europe if Charles Martel had been defeated at Tours. "One of the effects would have been that to-day in London there would be no gin-palaces and there would be a thousand baths." Gibbon, as we know, came to the task of estimating these consequences without any prejudice in favour of Christianity, and Mr. Urquhart seems to wish to show that he is equally impartial. The Society of Arts is not particularly concerned to defend the national religion, but we almost wonder that it did not protest against Mr. Urquhart's energetic onslaught on some ideas which its members may be supposed to regard with special favour. "Is Europe," he asks, "ever to remain on the map a black spot of filth?" Again, he declares that the population of this country is the filthiest in the world, with the most extensive means of cleanliness. "A nation that boasts of its steam, that is puffed up with its steam, that goes by steam, does not know how to use steam to wash its body, even when it may be had gratis." We commend this passage to the attention of complacent talkers about the progress of the age, and, indeed, the reading of the whole of Mr. Urquhart's paper will be an exercise in humility suitable to the present season. "The clean shirt is put upon the dirty body." Mr. Urquhart's estimate of modern civilization is not unfairly stated in that single sentence. He is indignant, and not unreasonably, at the strong separation between classes which forms a part of that civilization, and he thinks the Turkish bath would counteract it by bringing men together where the outward marks of wealth and station would be absent. Certainly, if a hundred Englishmen were turned into a bath-room with no more clothing than would suffice for decency, it might be no unprofitable study to observe how far the advantages of birth and education were able to distinguish their possessors amid external uniformity. But in England people of different classes will not pray side by side in church, and therefore it would be idle to propose that they should shampoo one another in the bath, like the six pachas who, in company with the High Admiral and Mr. Urquhart, performed that mutual service at Constantinople. We do not expect to see the day when, let us say, the Ministry will adjourn from a Cabinet Council to a bath-room inviting one or two distinguished foreigners to accompany them. It might perhaps contribute to "break down that sense of menial service attached to the assistance that man has to render to man" if the Lord Chancellor were to shampoo Mr. Gladstone; and when "the coarseness and vulgarity" of British manners has been thus reformed, we do not doubt that the Junior Lord of the Admiralty will black the Secretary's boots without a murmur.

But although Mr. Urquhart's paper contains what many readers will think extravagant absurdities, it is impossible not to feel respect for him when he says that, as one of those who do not depend for their daily bread on their daily and precarious toil, he feels bound to use the time thus left at his disposal for the good of those who have no time that they can call their own. After all, he loves England and its people well, in spite of the tone of arrogant contempt in which he assumes to speak of both. He firmly believes that the Turkish bath would be an almost priceless blessing to the nation; and under this feeling he has worked on, honestly and vigorously, if not altogether wisely, "in the hope of bringing within the reach of toiling millions some compensation for their hard lot, in a practice which relaxes the frame after the effort of labour, and composes the mind worn by the load of care."

MR. FECHTER'S IAGO.

IT is not difficult to distinguish the qualities which have attracted the more refined portion of the London public to Mr. Fechter, in spite of the heavy drawback on their pleasure imposed by his foreign accent. These qualities are of a kind not ordinarily found in English actors. There are on the London stage several men of unquestionable natural genius. No one, for example, can doubt that in Mr. Robson, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Charles Mathews there is a basis of special and original talent which, if developed by the careful training of the Parisian stage, would have entitled these gentlemen to rank among the first dramatic artists of their day. Without this natural gift there can be no great actor. No amount of study will compensate for its absence, any more than the most careful initiation into the intricacies of musical science will make a great composer, in the absence of that sensibility to melody which is connected with the inmost fibre of the nervous system. But the misfortune of the English theatre is, that neither the customs of the greenroom nor the tastes of the audience place the actor sufficiently under the necessity of patient, industrious, and thoughtful preparation. Hence our best actors almost universally degenerate into mannerists, bringing the same gestures, the same intonations, and, apparently, the same ideas to each successive part which is allotted to them. Among the few exceptions to this satisfied acquiescence in a conception of character once for all worked out, are Mr. Alfred Wigan and, to a certain extent, Mr. Benjamin Webster; but Mr. Fechter is the actor who has pre-eminently discarded it. In the care, the delicacy, and the finish of his performance there is evidence

at every turn of long meditation, of sustained patience, and consequently of the capacity to break away from habit and tradition. Even had Mr. Fechter possessed less fundamental ability, and even had he been more completely spoiled for the English stage by foreign education, it would have been the duty of the critics to encourage an actor who was setting so excellent an example, and who was so decidedly pointing the way to better things.

Every one who appreciates the services Mr. Fechter may render will deeply regret the mistake he has just made. Probably he is unaware that, owing to causes which we do not profess to be able ourselves to fathom, no actor who has once made his reputation need be in fear of rebuke either from the London press or from the bulk of London audiences. Some of his critics have gently hinted objection to his performance of *Iago*; but he ought to understand that the portion of his hearers to whom he visibly appeals in his impersonations regard his *Iago* not simply as inferior to his *Hamlet* and *Othello*, but as thoroughly, unmitigatedly, and irredeemably bad. It is a blunder from beginning to end, and not less a blunder because it is doubtless to a great extent deliberately perpetrated. Mr. Fechter is, in the first place, mistaken in supposing the part suited to him. Among the rich profusion of Shakespeare's creations, there are several to which no actor who has recently appeared has so great a capacity for giving life and body as Mr. Fechter. The poet lived in one of the secular flowering times of the human race, and was familiar with a society amid which new-born freedom of thought, ranging over the lately opened stores of ancient letters and stimulated by great events, was producing natures of the utmost complexity, refinement, and variableness. In the attempt to give harmony to such natures and to interpret the moods of mind which they experience in quick succession, no pains can be wasted, no amount of thought uselessly expended, and no delicacy of discrimination thrown away. By his *Hamlet* and *Othello* Mr. Fechter has perhaps really added to our knowledge of Shakespeare, and has certainly done us the service of opening a variety of questions as to the poet's meaning. But the simpler characters—those which are, as it were, thrown off in one piece—afford Mr. Fechter's peculiar powers a less suitable field. In them, everything depends on seizing the true conception; and, indeed, if Mr. Fechter had seized the true conception of *Iago*, we should perhaps have had from him a good piece of acting. Unfortunately, his view of *Iago* is a complete blunder, nor is it difficult to see how he has fallen into it. His ambition is evidently to be original, and it is not to be disputed that he has produced considerable results by breaking with the tradition of the English stage in his *Othello* and *Hamlet*. But he owed his success in those two impersonations to the fact that the English dramatic tradition of *Othello* and *Hamlet* is, if not erroneous, at all events incomplete. It so happens, however, that the tradition of *Iago* received on the boards, and inherited from Young, is an exceedingly good one. The character was not very difficult to understand, and there is every reason to believe that it was correctly understood. In discarding this tradition, Mr. Fechter has discarded probability and consistency.

The sole question possible respecting *Iago* concerns, not his own nature, which is plainly enough revealed, but the character which he affects for the purpose of deceiving *Othello*. The English actors who have hitherto taken the part, and, we doubt not, the vast majority of intelligent readers, have supposed that *Iago* owed his influence to the assumption of downright, outspoken, and even cynical frankness. We can scarcely suppose that even Mr. Fechter would deny that the language assigned to him bears this stamp, but he has the perversity to suppose that *Iago's* villany is constantly showing through his affected honesty. He makes *Othello* deceived by a bad pretence of openness—a view of the matter thoroughly inconsistent with the refined intellectual characteristics which he himself attributed to *Othello* in his own acting of the part. The result of this wilful misconception is that a coarser villain than Fechter's *Iago* was hardly ever seen in a village booth. The incident constantly reproduced throughout the play is his getting behind *Othello* and facing the audience with a fiendish smile, while he breathes his insinuations into his victim's ear. It is just possible that the type of villany before his mind may be the *Mephistopheles* of Faust, whose leer and laugh he sometimes seems to be copying from Retzsch. But it is a reasonable, or at all events a defensible conception of *Mephistopheles*, that his demoniac nature should always pierce through his external humanity. *Iago*, on the other hand, is not a fiend, but a disappointed, jealous, and rascally subaltern who employs against his superior the one string which his bow possesses—his downrightness of manner and speech. It is monstrous to suppose that the diseased keenness of observation which distinguishes *Othello* in all that concerns *Desdemona* should fail him entirely when he deals with the transparent artifices of such a confidant as Mr. Fechter places by his side.

It is melancholy to have to sit through such a performance by so greatly gifted an actor. There is nothing in it to redeem the disagreeable effect of Mr. Fechter's accent, which is still rather surprisingly distinguishable. Of the other performers we can find little to say, except that it struck us that *Desdemona* and *Bianca* might profitably change places. Mr. Ryder's *Othello* is, we imagine, the sort of performance which the newspapers call painstaking. If Mr. Fechter is disposed to overvalue the applause which is undoubtedly lavished on his *Iago* by part of his audience, let him observe that he obtains even less of it than is rightly elicited by the vociferous pathos of the *Othello* who is stupid enough to be humbugged by him.

REVIEWS.

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE GRAND-DUCHESS LOUISE.*

ALTHOUGH the letters of Madame de Staël published in this volume are not of a kind to add much to her reputation, or to the interest of her life, they are worth looking at, and the frame-work of biography in which they are inserted is at least good enough to recall the chief incidents in her career. We have had so many accounts of her, and her works are so familiar to English readers, that we cannot be expected to find much pleasure in a new series of letters that suffer under the heavy drawback of having been written to Royalty. Although Madame de Staël was the most famous woman of her time, and the Royalty was only a petty German Royalty, the distance of rank was sufficient to compel the author of *Corinne* to confine herself in her letters to requesting the Grand-Duchess to deign to think of her, to deign to call the august attention of the Serene Duke to her devotion, and to deign to believe that Madame de Staël thought the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar the first and best of Duchesses. This was highly proper, but it is not very instructive reading now that both correspondents have slept in their graves for so many years. A few letters to Madame Récamier, also published in this volume, are more interesting. They were written to a person whom Madame de Staël really loved, and to whom she could write with perfect ease. There is, however, in all these letters but one unvarying theme. Madame de Staël is suffering, she is in exile, she is sad. Her correspondence is a long record of misery, slightly cheered by literary success, and more so by her belief in the love of her friends; but still with the dark shadow never wholly passing away even for an instant.

Madame de Staël went to Weimar in 1804, and speedily overcame the strong prejudices with which she was regarded as a Frenchwoman. Schiller and Goethe have left on record the horror with which they awaited the arrival of a woman who avowedly laid herself out to talk. But when they came to know her, they found out her merits. She could not see things in a German way. She soon reached the limits of her thought, and her feeling for art and literature was ardent rather than intense. But the great Germans, both in the world of letters and in that of Courts, were overcome by the naturalness of the woman, her unaffected desire to please, and the lively interest she showed in all that came across her. They were thus induced to pardon her for the wear and tear of mind to which her brilliant and rapid conversation subjected them. Goethe compared hearing her to looking at a crowd of dancers in a ball-room. But even Schiller, who was much more annoyed than Goethe at any of his habits being disturbed, came to endure her talk and to esteem her character. The Grand-Duchess treated her with great condescension, and the friendly relations thus established between them were never disturbed until Madame de Staël's death. There were no pains which Madame de Staël spared in order to make herself liked. She corresponded with Dukes as well as Duchesses, sent a letter to the Grand Duke pointing out the best parts in an Italian translation of Kant, and received a letter from his Highness of Saxe-Gotha spreading over twelve pages, and, as she tells us, somehow written on lilac satin. It is true that this mark of Grand-Ducal attention made her think its author mad, but still it was gratifying enough in its way. She always looked at the little efforts of foreigners on the best side, and bestowed no more than the slight censure of saying she wished the Germans would keep themselves to German customs, after she had returned from a ball at Berlin where "the Queen danced in a pantomime which represented Alexander's return from Babylon," and Kotzebue arrived as "priest of Mercury, or perhaps as Mercury himself, a crown of poppies on his head, and a caduceus in his hand." There was, however, nothing to get over in the Duchess herself. She was one of the many superior women who showed, in the dark times of German trials, that there was quite as much heroism in the weaker as in the stronger sex. She confronted Napoleon with so much spirit that the Emperor remarked to his officers, "There is a woman whom our two hundred guns have not frightened." He certainly had himself done his best to frighten her. When he arrived at the Grand-Ducal palace, she alone of the sovereign family was there to receive him. She awaited him at the summit of the great staircase. "Who are you?" said Napoleon. "The Grand-Duchess, Sire." "Then I pity you, for I shall crush your husband." The Emperor continued his conversation more amicably, and was at last so much pleased with the Duchess that he condescended to explain how it happened that he was on her staircase pitying her and prepared to crush her husband. "Believe me, Madame, there is a Providence which directs all things, and I am only its instrument." There is scarcely any portion of the conventional language of society more extraordinary as regards the persons employing it, the meaning attached to it, and the occasions on which it is held to be properly introduced, than that which relates to the Being or Agency called Providence. Evidently Napoleon meant to say something at once creditable to himself and consolatory to the Grand-Duchess, when he assured her that he only crushed her husband in his capacity of an instrument. Somehow the Duchess did not seem to see it. Perhaps, however, it was to replies of this sort that Madame de Staël alluded in her petition to the

Emperor to be allowed to remain in France, when she said, "In looking at the human heart, your Majesty understands its more delicate as well as its noblest feelings."

Napoleon, however, was not to be charmed by the soft words of Madame de Staël; and during the whole of his reign he excluded from France a woman who was sure, he thought, to make there the exact kind of disturbance he most disliked. Passionately as most Frenchmen and women love France, and firmly as they are convinced that all other countries are barbarian, yet it is not often that even a Frenchwoman dreads and hates exile as much as Madame de Staël hated and dreaded it. She fills letter after letter with her groanings. She literally pined for society. Here was the best talker of the day going mooning about in Swiss and German circles, and no one to talk to that was worth the trouble. She got very tired of even the best things that the world out of France had to offer her. "The attraction of novelty (she says in a letter written from Vienna in 1808) sustained me at first; but although this country has much solidity of character, one is disgusted with it as readily as with what is more frivolous, because it contains nothing new to be found out." And when she at last persuaded herself to go to a still remoter scene of exile, in order to escape from the pressure which Napoleon exercised over all Germany, she only felt the evil of distance from Paris more acutely. A letter from her friend, which was received in Poland, seemed to her almost a heavenly blessing. "It is in the depths of Moravia (she writes) that your celestial words have reached me. I wept tears of sorrow and tenderness at hearing your voice, which came to me in the desert like the angel to Hagar."

None of the small triumphs which her reputation enabled her to command at all compensated her for the cruel separation from the land where the people talked French and talked well. She relates how her carriage was stopped at a barrier in Saxony, and the officer on duty told her that for many years his only wish had been to see her, and that, having seen her, he should die contented. The same thing had, she goes on to say, happened often at different inns. But the satisfaction of having contributed to smooth the pillow of a dying Saxon did nothing to reconcile Madame de Staël to her hard lot. She not only missed the positive pleasure of society, but she was distressed to think how much more she might have done and been if only she had lived in France. Towards the close of her life, she remarked that none of her faculties had been thoroughly developed except her capacity of suffering. It was only after Waterloo, and for less than two short years, that she could taste the rapture of Parisian conversation; and then life was ebbing away, and it was too late. She clung to the cherished pleasure as long as she possibly could, and her friends used to meet and dine in the apartment where she lay dying. It was then and there that Chateaubriand met Madame Récamier, and laid the foundation of that celebrated friendship. But soon even this poor substitute for the talk of the *salons* came to an end, and she had to bid an eternal farewell to the city of brilliant conversation.

Madame de Staël had a tender heart, and her vein of passionate declamation, and her anxiety lest she should be thought too masculine, prompted her to give free utterance on paper to her tenderest feelings. For every one connected with her she expresses herself as having the most anxious solicitude, except her two husbands. Those gentlemen are passed over in her confidences. Perhaps this might have been expected with regard to the Swedish nobleman whose name she made illustrious; but it is curious that poor M. de Rocca, who had the honour of succeeding him, should occupy such a very humble place in her correspondence. If she did not love him, or at least if she did not take pleasure in being loved by him, why did she marry him? It is true that she kept the marriage for some time secret, but she does not at all avoid mentioning him in her letters to so intimate a friend as Madame Récamier, and she always speaks of him as most women would speak of a sick child that lived with them, but was not their own offspring. Her children and her Paris friends occupy all her thoughts. And the bitterness of being separated from her friends was, in more than one instance, aggravated by the knowledge that she had been the means of drawing down the wrath of Napoleon on the head she loved. She was bowed down by this last sad stroke of her evil fortune. "There is," she says, in a touching letter written in 1811, "a fatality in my lot; there is no chance about it; whatever I dread is sure to happen." She could find no consolation in heaven or earth to support her in this extreme of suffering. "I have unceasing recourse to prayer," she writes, "but it somehow seems to me I have wearied the Divinity, and that heaven is brass for me." No expressions of love and regret seem unnatural to her. "I shall believe myself once again in the light," she writes in a subsequent letter, "when I see you, if ever I see you again." In the wearisome country of Switzerland, in which she then was, all those around her seemed to be but marionettes playing little mock parts in which she could not pretend to interest herself. The letters she received, or hoped to receive, from her friends, were the only realities. And these letters, which to those who knew her must at the time have been indisputable proofs of her tenderness and of the wealth of her affection, bear so completely the stamp of truthfulness that they are touching and pathetic to read now. She has attained the object with posterity at which she aimed so earnestly with her own contemporaries. She has made it certain that she had the heart and feelings of a woman, and that the satirical description of her, that she was *un homme déguisé en femme*, was very unjust to her.

Schiller said of her that he soon got reconciled to her in spite of the dread so clever a woman naturally inspired, and that what

* *Madame de Staël and the Grand-Duchess Louise. A Selection from the unpublished Correspondence of Madame de Staël and the Grand-Duchess Louise of Saxe-Weimar, from 1800 to 1817.* By the author of "Souvenirs of Madame Récamier." London: Saunders and Otley. 1862.

won him over was finding that she was so undeniably truthful and natural. It is this good quality that shines through her correspondence. She says what she thinks and not what she wishes other people should think she thinks. When her prayers for consolation were not answered, she did not profess to receive the blessings of consolation sooner than they were given, and acknowledged that heaven seemed brass for her. Very often the things she thought and said were far from wise or just, and were merely prompted by a hasty impulse. We read with some astonishment, for instance, that almost as soon as she arrived in Sweden she pronounced the Crown Prince of that country to be "the true hero of the age." But at the moment she thought so, and it is the persuasion of this that makes her rhapsodies endurable; and even if she is often extravagant in language, she is also very often singularly just in the opinions she forms of the events going on around her, and of the characters of those who were most prominent in bringing about what she saw. There was both sagacity and an honourable tenacity of principle in the persistent disbelief she always expressed as to the possibility of Napoleon reconciling the Empire with liberty. Her present biographer is most anxious to disprove the assertion of M. Thiers that during the Hundred Days Madame de Staël was willing to see in Napoleon a convert to Constitutionalism. It is not difficult to refute many of the statements which M. Thiers has invented in honour of his idol, and the evidence adduced may be held sufficient to show that he was in this instance mistaken. It was certainly very unlike Madame de Staël to alter her political creed at the last moment, or to give a man credit for virtues which his conduct to herself had shown him not to possess. She, throughout all her writings—both those that are published, and those addressed to private friends—always treated herself as separated by an impassable gulf from a man who, to her mind, was tyranny incarnate. She was willing to promise to keep quiet, and do nothing to offend him, but she would not do more. She firmly declined to fall down and worship him; and the consequence was that she led a sad and wasted life, but had the triumph of being able to say honestly, on her death-bed, "I have always been for God, for my father, and liberty."

THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.*

THE first part of Mr. Newton's long-expected account of his researches and discoveries in Asia Minor has at last appeared. We have before us a first volume of the text, and a first volume of illustrative plates in folio. It is a most sumptuous publication. Unstinted by considerations of space or cost, Mr. Newton treats the whole subject with almost superfluous minuteness. First, he gives the full history of Caria, so far as it is known, from the earliest times, introductory to a detailed account of the dynasty of Hekatomnus. Then, after dwelling on the reign of Mausolus and his death in B.C. 353, he traces the fortunes of Halicarnassus till its final decay after B.C. 129, when Caria became a Roman province. Next, he collects all the notices of the Mausoleum which are to be found in history. After this follows a detailed narrative of the course of the actual excavations made by Mr. Newton and his coadjutors from 1856 to 1859. Then Mr. Pullan, the architect attached to the expedition, contributes a chapter descriptive of his imaginary "restoration" of the Mausoleum, from the ruins and details collected on the site, and Mr. Newton supports his colleague by a laboured argument. Finally, the sculptures discovered at Halicarnassus are carefully described, and the other excavations made on the site of the ancient city, which is now called Budrum, are duly recorded.

Of the history of Caria we need not speak at length. Mr. Newton is an accomplished scholar, and has performed this part of his task very thoroughly. He concludes that Hekatomnus, the "dynast" who was reigning in Caria when, by the Peace of Antalcidas, in B.C. 387, the Greek cities in Asia Minor were declared to be part of the Persian Empire, was descended from a line of native princes. Mausolus was his son and successor. This monarch, taking advantage of the disorganization of the Empire, threw off the Persian yoke, and, becoming independent and very powerful, changed the seat of government from Mylasa to Halicarnassus. He died in B.C. 353, and was succeeded by his wife and sister, Artemisia, who built (or finished) to his memory that famous monumental edifice which was considered to be one of the Wonders of the ancient world, and from which the word "Mausoleum" has become the generic name of a building of this description. "In the obsequies of Mausolus," says Mr. Newton, "the refinement of Hellenic culture was happily employed in giving scope and meaning to Asiatic magnificence." The tomb, which was of the kind called afterwards a *Heroon*, is known to have been designed by the architects Satyros and Pythios, and its decorations were executed by the sculptors Scopas, Leochares, Bryaxis, and Timotheus. These particulars are recorded in a well-known passage of Pliny.

The Mausoleum is mentioned as existing by a catena of writers reaching down to the 12th century of the Christian era, when Eustathius, in his commentary on the *Iliad*, implies that it was still uninjured. The supposition is that it fell into ruin, after serious injury by an earthquake, some time between his date and the year 1402, when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem first took possession of Halicarnassus, then called Mesy. The ruins of the Mausoleum supplied both stone and lime for the buildings and

fortifications required by the Knights during the whole century of their occupation. Mr. Newton reprints a very curious passage from Guichard's *Funerailles*, 1581, describing the discovery of the actual tomb of Mausolus in the basement of the edifice by a party of knights who were sent in 1522 to repair the fortress of St. Peter against the Sultan Solymán, who was then threatening Rhodes. The quaint old narrative concludes thus—

Ainsi ce superbe sepulchre, compté pour l'un des sept miracles et ouvrages merveilleux du monde, apres avoir échappé la fureur des Barbares, et demeuré l'espace de 2247 ans debout, du moins enseveli dedans les ruines de la ville d'Halicarnasse, fut desouvert et aboli pour reparer le chateau de S. Pierre, par les cheualiers croisés de Rhodes, lesquels en furent incontinent apres chassés par le Turc et de toute l'Asie quant et quant.

About a century afterwards, Thévenot visited Budrum, as Halicarnassus is now called by the Turks, and noticed some sculptured slabs which the knights had inserted into the walls of their castle. Other travellers from time to time described these reliefs, and at length, in 1846, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Ambassador at Constantinople, obtained a firman for their removal, and sent them, thirteen in number, to England. Nine years later, Mr. Newton himself visited Budrum, and saw enough to prove to him that important discoveries would reward a proper exploration of the place. Accordingly, an expedition was sent out at the public cost in 1846, under Mr. Newton's direction, and the present volumes inform us of the results of their excavations.

Guided by the exact description given by Vitruvius of the site of the monument, and also by the multitude of fragments of pure Ionic architectural detail still scattered about the spot, Mr. Newton—though against the opinion of some eminent topographers—had no difficulty in finding the actual remains of the Mausoleum. Splinters of the purest white marble, pieces of carved friezes and mouldings, fragments of colossal lions, drums and capitals and bases of Ionic columns, stones from *lacunaria* retaining their original colouring, and afterwards mutilated statues, horse-heads, with their bronze bits and bridles remaining, and at last the wheels of his chariot and the head of Mausolus himself, were successively brought to light. The progress of the explorations is told in these pages from day to day; and photographs taken by Corporal Spackman, R.E., record the more important discoveries of the structural remains of the pile. The diggers came upon the original stairs leading to the sepulchral chamber, which of course had been originally buried and concealed; and here they found *in situ*, preserved by the soil which had never been disturbed since the time of the interment, some alabaster jars, one of which had an inscription in hieroglyphics and in cuneiform letters, which is interpreted to be the name of Xerxes. It would seem that the entrance to the vault was closed by an immense block of stone, weighing ten tons, which was intended to be securely bolted into sockets in the masonry below by bronze dowels fixed into its lower face. Here is a curious discovery—

Doubtless it was intended by the architect, that on lowering this stone, the dowels should drop out of their collars into the sockets below; but whether through accident or *fraud*, they appear to have remained in the collars instead of descending into the holes to which they had been fitted. Perhaps the workmen employed in this operation purposely contrived that it should be thus incomplete, with the same motive as actuated the builder of the treasury of the Egyptian king, Rhampsinetus. (*Herod. ii. 121.*)

Mr. Newton excavated the area so thoroughly that he found below the foundations traces of tombs more ancient than the time of Mausolus, besides two galleries at different levels in the native rock, and also a copious system of well-devised drains. The most important question raised by these discoveries is this—how far all these fragments and indications, when compared with the measurements and descriptions preserved by ancient writers, will help us to the reconstruction of the Mausoleum? To this task Mr. Pullan has addressed himself with great ingenuity and patience. His conclusions agree with those of Lieutenant Smith, the officer of Engineers in command of the exploring party; but other authorities, and especially Mr. Fergusson, as may be seen in his recent letter to a contemporary, would reconstruct this famous monument in a very different manner. Beginning with the passage in Pliny, Mr. Pullan lays down that the Mausoleum was composed of an oblong peristyle building, which was called a *Pteron*, surmounted by a pyramid of twenty-four steps, upon which was placed a quadriga. But Mr. Fergusson has only anticipated us in the remark that the *meta cacumen*, in which Pliny says the pyramid terminated, is altogether omitted by Messrs. Newton and Pullan in their restoration. Now it may be very difficult to decide exactly what is meant by the words *in meta cacumen se contrahens*; but at any rate it is more likely to denote such a pedestal, for example, as that of the Lion Tomb at Cnidus (which is fully illustrated in this very volume), as Mr. Fergusson has pointed out, than, as Mr. Newton suggests, that the pyramid itself, "as it tapered upwards, took the form of a top of a *meta*." Be this as it may, the present restoration shows as its principal feature an enormous *podium* or basement of solid blank masonry (of which Pliny makes no explicit mention), no less than 65 feet high and 119 feet by 88½ feet in plan, upon which stands the Ionic peristyle *pteron*, with a sculptured frieze, the whole 38 feet high, above which again is a graduated pyramid of twenty-four steps, truncated at the top in order to receive the colossal quadriga. We cannot help saying that the design as here presented to us is simply frightful. So immense a bulk of plain masonry as this substructure is in itself a hideous object. What is worse is that the quadriga, raised on such a pile, could not possibly have been seen except at a very considerable distance from its base. We cannot believe that the present restoration is in these respects right. Again, in order to make Pliny's state-

* *A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchida.* By C. T. Newton, M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Assisted by E. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. London: Day and Son. 1862.

REVIEWS.

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE GRAND-DUCHESS LOUISE.*

ALTHOUGH the letters of Madame de Staël published in this volume are not of a kind to add much to her reputation, or to the interest of her life, they are worth looking at, and the frame-work of biography in which they are inserted is at least good enough to recall the chief incidents in her career. We have had so many accounts of her, and her works are so familiar to English readers, that we cannot be expected to find much pleasure in a new series of letters that suffer under the heavy drawback of having been written to Royalty. Although Madame de Staël was the most famous woman of her time, and the Royalty was only a petty German Royalty, the distance of rank was sufficient to compel the author of *Corinne* to confine herself in her letters to requesting the Grand-Duchess to deign to think of her, to deign to call the august attention of the Serene Duke to her devotion, and to deign to believe that Madame de Staël thought the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar the first and best of Duchesses. This was highly proper, but it is not very instructive reading now that both correspondents have slept in their graves for so many years. A few letters to Madame Récamier, also published in this volume, are more interesting. They were written to a person whom Madame de Staël really loved, and to whom she could write with perfect ease. There is, however, in all these letters but one unvarying theme. Madame de Staël is suffering, she is in exile, she is sad. Her correspondence is a long record of misery, slightly cheered by literary success, and more so by her belief in the love of her friends; but still with the dark shadow never wholly passing away even for an instant.

Madame de Staël went to Weimar in 1804, and speedily overcame the strong prejudices with which she was regarded as a Frenchwoman. Schiller and Goethe have left on record the horror with which they awaited the arrival of a woman who avowedly laid herself out to talk. But when they came to know her, they found out her merits. She could not see things in a German way. She soon reached the limits of her thought, and her feeling for art and literature was ardent rather than intense. But the great Germans, both in the world of letters and in that of Courts, were overcome by the naturalness of the woman, her unaffected desire to please, and the lively interest she showed in all that came across her. They were thus induced to pardon her for the wear and tear of mind to which her brilliant and rapid conversation subjected them. Goethe compared hearing her to looking at a crowd of dancers in a ball-room. But even Schiller, who was much more annoyed than Goethe at any of his habits being disturbed, came to endure her talk and to esteem her character. The Grand-Duchess treated her with great condescension, and the friendly relations thus established between them were never disturbed until Madame de Staël's death. There were no pains which Madame de Staël spared in order to make herself liked. She corresponded with Dukes as well as Duchesses, sent a letter to the Grand Duke pointing out the best parts in an Italian translation of Kant, and received a letter from his Highness of Saxe-Gotha spreading over twelve pages, and, as she tells us, somehow written on lilac satin. It is true that this mark of Grand-Ducal attention made her think its author mad, but still it was gratifying enough in its way. She always looked at the little efforts of foreigners on the best side, and bestowed no more than the slight censure of saying she wished the Germans would keep themselves to German customs, after she had returned from a ball at Berlin where "the Queen danced in a pantomime which represented Alexander's return from Babylon," and Kotzebue arrived as "priest of Mercury, or perhaps as Mercury himself, a crown of poppies on his head, and a caduceus in his hand." There was, however, nothing to get over in the Duchess herself. She was one of the many superior women who showed, in the dark times of German trials, that there was quite as much heroism in the weaker as in the stronger sex. She confronted Napoleon with so much spirit that the Emperor remarked to his officers, "There is a woman whom our two hundred guns have not frightened." He certainly had himself done his best to frighten her. When he arrived at the Grand-Ducal palace, she alone of the sovereign family was there to receive him. She awaited him at the summit of the great staircase. "Who are you?" said Napoleon. "The Grand-Duchess, Sire." "Then I pity you, for I shall crush your husband." The Emperor continued his conversation more amicably, and was at last so much pleased with the Duchess that he condescended to explain how it happened that he was on her staircase pitying her and prepared to crush her husband. "Believe me, Madame, there is a Providence which directs all things, and I am only its instrument." There is scarcely any portion of the conventional language of society more extraordinary as regards the persons employing it, the meaning attached to it, and the occasions on which it is held to be properly introduced, than that which relates to the Being or Agency called Providence. Evidently Napoleon meant to say something at once creditable to himself and consolatory to the Grand-Duchess, when he assured her that he only crushed her husband in his capacity of an instrument. Somehow the Duchess did not seem to see it. Perhaps, however, it was to replies of this sort that Madame de Staël alluded in her petition to the

Emperor to be allowed to remain in France, when she said, "In looking at the human heart, your Majesty understands its more delicate as well as its noblest feelings."

Napoleon, however, was not to be charmed by the soft words of Madame de Staël; and during the whole of his reign he excluded from France a woman who was sure, he thought, to make there the exact kind of disturbance he most disliked. Passionately as most Frenchmen and women love France, and firmly as they are convinced that all other countries are barbarian, yet it is not often that even a Frenchwoman dreads and hates exile as much as Madame de Staël hated and dreaded it. She fills letter after letter with her groanings. She literally pined for society. Here was the best talker of the day going mooning about in Swiss and German circles, and no one to talk to that was worth the trouble. She got very tired of even the best things that the world out of France had to offer her. "The attraction of novelty (she says in a letter written from Vienna in 1808) sustained me at first; but although this country has much solidity of character, one is disgusted with it as readily as with what is more frivolous, because it contains nothing new to be found out." And when she at last persuaded herself to go to a still remoter scene of exile, in order to escape from the pressure which Napoleon exercised over all Germany, she only felt the evil of distance from Paris more acutely. A letter from her friend, which was received in Poland, seemed to her almost a heavenly blessing. "It is in the depths of Moravia (she writes) that your celestial words have reached me. I wept tears of sorrow and tenderness at hearing your voice, which came to me in the desert like the angel to Hagar."

None of the small triumphs which her reputation enabled her to command at all compensated her for the cruel separation from the land where the people talked French and talked well. She relates how her carriage was stopped at a barrier in Saxony, and the officer on duty told her that for many years his only wish had been to see her, and that, having seen her, he should die contented. The same thing had, she goes on to say, happened often at different inns. But the satisfaction of having contributed to smooth the pillow of a dying Saxon did nothing to reconcile Madame de Staël to her hard lot. She not only missed the positive pleasure of society, but she was distressed to think how much more she might have done and been if only she had lived in France. Towards the close of her life, she remarked that none of her faculties had been thoroughly developed except her capacity of suffering. It was only after Waterloo, and for less than two short years, that she could taste the rapture of Parisian conversation; and then life was ebbing away, and it was too late. She clung to the cherished pleasure as long as she possibly could, and her friends used to meet and dine in the apartment where she lay dying. It was then and there that Chateaubriand met Madame Récamier, and laid the foundation of that celebrated friendship. But soon even this poor substitute for the talk of the *salons* came to an end, and she had to bid an eternal farewell to the city of brilliant conversation.

Madame de Staël had a tender heart, and her vein of passionate declamation, and her anxiety lest she should be thought too masculine, prompted her to give free utterance on paper to her tenderest feelings. For every one connected with her she expresses herself as having the most anxious solicitude, except her two husbands. Those gentlemen are passed over in her confidences. Perhaps this might have been expected with regard to the Swedish nobleman whose name she made illustrious; but it is curious that poor M. de Rocca, who had the honour of succeeding him, should occupy such a very humble place in her correspondence. If she did not love him, or at least if she did not take pleasure in being loved by him, why did she marry him? It is true that she kept the marriage for some time secret, but she does not at all avoid mentioning him in her letters to so intimate a friend as Madame Récamier, and she always speaks of him as most women would speak of a sick child that lived with them, but was not their own offspring. Her children and her Paris friends occupy all her thoughts. And the bitterness of being separated from her friends was, in more than one instance, aggravated by the knowledge that she had been the means of drawing down the wrath of Napoleon on the head she loved. She was bowed down by this last sad stroke of her evil fortune. "There is," she says, in a touching letter written in 1811, "a fatality in my lot; there is no chance about it; whatever I dread is sure to happen." She could find no consolation in heaven or earth to support her in this extreme of suffering. "I have unceasing recourse to prayer," she writes, "but it somehow seems to me I have wearied the Divinity, and that heaven is brass for me." No expressions of love and regret seem unnatural to her. "I shall believe myself once again in the light," she writes in a subsequent letter, "when I see you, if ever I see you again." In the wearisome country of Switzerland, in which she then was, all those around her seemed to be but marionettes playing little mock parts in which she could not pretend to interest herself. The letters she received, or hoped to receive, from her friends, were the only realities. And these letters, which to those who knew her must at the time have been indisputable proofs of her tenderness and of the wealth of her affection, bear so completely the stamp of truthfulness that they are touching and pathetic to read now. She has attained the object with posterity at which she aimed so earnestly with her own contemporaries. She has made it certain that she had the heart and feelings of a woman, and that the satirical description of her, that she was *un homme déguisé en femme*, was very unjust to her.

Schiller said of her that he soon got reconciled to her in spite of the dread so clever a woman naturally inspired, and that what

* *Madame de Staël and the Grand-Duchess Louise. A Selection from the unpublished Correspondence of Madame de Staël and the Grand-Duchess Louise of Saxe-Weimar, from 1800 to 1817.* By the author of "Souvenirs of Madame Récamier." London: Saunders and Otley. 1862.

won him over was finding that she was so undeniably truthful and natural. It is this good quality that shines through her correspondence. She says what she thinks and not what she wishes other people should think she thinks. When her prayers for consolation were not answered, she did not profess to receive the blessings of consolation sooner than they were given, and acknowledged that heaven seemed brass for her. Very often the things she thought and said were far from wise or just, and were merely prompted by a hasty impulse. We read with some astonishment, for instance, that almost as soon as she arrived in Sweden she pronounced the Crown Prince of that country to be "the true hero of the age." But at the moment she thought so, and it is the persuasion of this that makes her rhapsodies endurable; and even if she is often extravagant in language, she is also very often singularly just in the opinions she forms of the events going on around her, and of the characters of those who were most prominent in bringing about what she saw. There was both sagacity and an honourable tenacity of principle in the persistent disbelief she always expressed as to the possibility of Napoleon reconciling the Empire with liberty. Her present biographer is most anxious to disprove the assertion of M. Thiers that during the Hundred Days Madame de Staël was willing to see in Napoleon a convert to Constitutionalism. It is not difficult to refute many of the statements which M. Thiers has invented in honour of his idol, and the evidence adduced may be held sufficient to show that he was in this instance mistaken. It was certainly very unlike Madame de Staël to alter her political creed at the last moment, or to give a man credit for virtues which his conduct to herself had shown him not to possess. She, throughout all her writings—both those that are published, and those addressed to private friends—always treated herself as separated by an impassable gulf from a man who, to her mind, was tyranny incarnate. She was willing to promise to keep quiet, and do nothing to offend him, but she would not do more. She firmly declined to fall down and worship him; and the consequence was that she led a sad and wasted life, but had the triumph of being able to say honestly, on her death-bed, "I have always been for God, for my father, and liberty."

THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.*

THE first part of Mr. Newton's long-expected account of his researches and discoveries in Asia Minor has at last appeared. We have before us a first volume of the text, and a first volume of illustrative plates in folio. It is a most sumptuous publication. Unstinted by considerations of space or cost, Mr. Newton treats the whole subject with almost superfluous minuteness. First, he gives the full history of Caria, so far as it is known, from the earliest times, introductory to a detailed account of the dynasty of Hekatomnus. Then, after dwelling on the reign of Mausolus and his death in B.C. 353, he traces the fortunes of Halicarnassus till its final decay after B.C. 129, when Caria became a Roman province. Next, he collects all the notices of the Mausoleum which are to be found in history. After this follows a detailed narrative of the course of the actual excavations made by Mr. Newton and his coadjutors from 1856 to 1859. Then Mr. Pullan, the architect attached to the expedition, contributes a chapter descriptive of his imaginary "restoration" of the Mausoleum, from the ruins and details collected on the site, and Mr. Newton supports his colleague by a laboured argument. Finally, the sculptures discovered at Halicarnassus are carefully described, and the other excavations made on the site of the ancient city, which is now called Budrum, are duly recorded.

Of the history of Caria we need not speak at length. Mr. Newton is an accomplished scholar, and has performed this part of his task very thoroughly. He concludes that Hekatomnus, the "dynast" who was reigning in Caria when, by the Peace of Antalcidas, in B.C. 387, the Greek cities in Asia Minor were declared to be part of the Persian Empire, was descended from a line of native princes. Mausolus was his son and successor. This monarch, taking advantage of the disorganization of the Empire, threw off the Persian yoke, and, becoming independent and very powerful, changed the seat of government from Mylasa to Halicarnassus. He died in B.C. 353, and was succeeded by his wife and sister, Artemisia, who built (or finished) to his memory that famous monumental edifice which was considered to be one of the Wonders of the ancient world, and from which the word "Mausoleum" has become the generic name of a building of this description. "In the obsequies of Mausolus," says Mr. Newton, "the refinement of Hellenic culture was happily employed in giving scope and meaning to Asiatic magnificence." The tomb, which was of the kind called afterwards a *Heroon*, is known to have been designed by the architects Satyros and Pythios, and its decorations were executed by the sculptors Scopas, Leochares, Bryaxis, and Timotheus. These particulars are recorded in a well-known passage of Pliny.

The Mausoleum is mentioned as existing by a catena of writers reaching down to the 12th century of the Christian era, when Eustathius, in his commentary on the *Iliad*, implies that it was still uninjured. The supposition is that it fell into ruin, after serious injury by an earthquake, some time between his date and the year 1402, when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem first took possession of Halicarnassus, then called Mesy. The ruins of the Mausoleum supplied both stone and lime for the buildings and

fortifications required by the Knights during the whole century of their occupation. Mr. Newton reprints a very curious passage from Guichard's *Funerailles*, 1581, describing the discovery of the actual tomb of Mausolus in the basement of the edifice by a party of knights who were sent in 1522 to repair the fortress of St. Peter against the Sultan Solymán, who was then threatening Rhodes. The quaint old narrative concludes thus—

Ainsi ce superbe sepulchre, compté pour l'an des sept miracles et ouvrages merveilleux du monde, apres avoir eschappé la fureur des Barbares, et demeuré l'espace de 2247 ans debout, du moins enseveli dedans les ruines de la ville d'Halicarnasse, fut decouvert et aboli pour remparer le chateau de St. Pierre, par les cheualiers croisés de Rhodes, lesquels en furent incontinent apres chassés par le Turc et de toute l'Asie quant et quant.

About a century afterwards, Thévenot visited Budrum, as Halicarnassus is now called by the Turks, and noticed some sculptured slabs which the knights had inserted into the walls of their castle. Other travellers from time to time described these reliefs, and at length, in 1846, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Ambassador at Constantinople, obtained a firman for their removal, and sent them, thirteen in number, to England. Nine years later, Mr. Newton himself visited Budrum, and saw enough to prove to him that important discoveries would reward a proper exploration of the place. Accordingly, an expedition was sent out at the public cost in 1846, under Mr. Newton's direction, and the present volumes inform us of the results of their excavations.

Guided by the exact description given by Vitruvius of the site of the monument, and also by the multitude of fragments of pure Ionic architectural detail still scattered about the spot, Mr. Newton—though against the opinion of some eminent topographers—had no difficulty in finding the actual remains of the Mausoleum. Splinters of the purest white marble, pieces of carved friezes and mouldings, fragments of colossal lions, drums and capitals and bases of Ionic columns, stones from *lacunaria* retaining their original colouring, and afterwards mutilated statues, horse-heads, with their bronze bits and bridles remaining, and at last the wheels of his chariot and the head of Mausolus himself, were successively brought to light. The progress of the explorations is told in these pages from day to day; and photographs taken by Corporal Spackman, R.E., record the more important discoveries of the structural remains of the pile. The diggers came upon the original stairs leading to the sepulchral chamber, which of course had been originally buried and concealed; and here they found *in situ*, preserved by the soil which had never been disturbed since the time of the interment, some alabaster jars, one of which had an inscription in hieroglyphics and in cuneiform letters, which is interpreted to be the name of Xerxes. It would seem that the entrance to the vault was closed by an immense block of stone, weighing ten tons, which was intended to be securely bolted into sockets in the masonry below by bronze dowels fixed into its lower face. Here is a curious discovery—

Doubtless it was intended by the architect, that on lowering this stone, the dowels should drop out of their collars into the sockets below; but whether through accident or fraud, they appear to have remained in the collars instead of descending into the holes to which they had been fitted. Perhaps the workmen employed in this operation purposely contrived that it should be thus incomplete, with the same motive as actuated the builder of the treasury of the Egyptian king, Rhampsinitus. (*Herod. ii. 121.*)

Mr. Newton excavated the area so thoroughly that he found below the foundations traces of tombs more ancient than the time of Mausolus, besides two galleries at different levels in the native rock, and also a copious system of well-devised drains. The most important question raised by these discoveries is this—how far all these fragments and indications, when compared with the measurements and descriptions preserved by ancient writers, will help us to the reconstruction of the Mausoleum? To this task Mr. Pullan has addressed himself with great ingenuity and patience. His conclusions agree with those of Lieutenant Smith, the officer of Engineers in command of the exploring party; but other authorities, and especially Mr. Fergusson, as may be seen in his recent letter to a contemporary, would reconstruct this famous monument in a very different manner. Beginning with the passage in Pliny, Mr. Pullan lays down that the Mausoleum was composed of an oblong peristyle building, which was called a *Pteron*, surmounted by a pyramid of twenty-four steps, upon which was placed a quadriga. But Mr. Fergusson has only anticipated us in the remark that the *meta cacumen*, in which Pliny says the pyramid terminated, is altogether omitted by Messrs. Newton and Pullan in their restoration. Now it may be very difficult to decide exactly what is meant by the words in *meta cacumen se contrahens*; but at any rate it is more likely to denote such a pedestal, for example, as that of the Lion Tomb at Cnidus (which is fully illustrated in this very volume), as Mr. Fergusson has pointed out, than, as Mr. Newton suggests, that the pyramid itself, "as it tapered upwards, took the form of a top of a *meta*." Be this as it may, the present restoration shows as its principal feature an enormous *podium* or basement of solid blank masonry (of which Pliny makes no explicit mention), no less than 65 feet high and 119 feet by 88½ feet in plan, upon which stands the Ionic peristyle *pteron*, with a sculptured frieze, the whole 38 feet high, above which again is a graduated pyramid of twenty-four steps, truncated at the top in order to receive the colossal quadriga. We cannot help saying that the design as here presented to us is simply frightful. So immense a bulk of plain masonry as this substructure is in itself a hideous object. What is worse is that the quadriga, raised on such a pile, could not possibly have been seen except at a very considerable distance from its base. We cannot believe that the present restoration is in these respects right. Again, in order to make Pliny's state-

* *A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchida.* By C. T. Newton, M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Assisted by R. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. London: Day and Son. 1862.

ment tally with this reconstruction, Mr. Newton has to alter an *altitudine* into *altitudinem*, without (as it seems to us) a shadow of authority. It need surprise no one who ever reads a technical description of a piece of modern architecture that Pliny's account of the Mausoleum is almost unintelligible. Taking the words as they stand, *pyramis altitudine inferiorem aequat* would seem to mean that the pyramid, with the *metæ cacumen* and the chariot of Mausolus, equalled in height the basement, excluding the Pteron. But if we read *altitudinem* with Mr. Newton, we must understand it to mean that the pyramid with the quadriga "equalled the lower height"—namely, that of the Pteron. Into the discussion of Pliny's measurements it would be impossible to enter without more space than is at our command, and without illustrations. Upon the whole, without saying that Mr. Newton's proportions are inconsistent with those of Pliny, we confess that we should have looked for a nearer conformity. For our own part, seeing the great difficulty there is in reconciling Pliny's dimensions of the plan of the *cella* with those which he gives for the *totus circumitus*, we should be inclined to suggest that the podium or basement, below the Pteron, was not cubical but more or less pyramidal in form, and that Pliny's 411 feet represented the total area on the ground level. In fact, the grammatical structure of the disputed sentence would itself point to this solution; for, as Canina has remarked, the word *pyramidem* seems to be understood in Pliny's sentence. He translates it thus:—*Supra pteron pyramis altitudine inferiorem* (subaud. *pyramidem*) *aequat*. And we do not know that Mr. Newton is justified in calling this a "somewhat forced construction." No doubt the whole question of the restoration of the Mausoleum will be re-examined by European scholars and architects with fresh interest by the aid of the present careful drawings and measurements. Mr. Newton himself seems to be painfully alive to the ugliness of the plain basement in this proposed reconstruction. Mr. Pullan's ingenious suggestion of a method of construction, by horizontal arches, which would bear the enormous lateral pressure of the superimposed pyramid over the wide space between the peristyle and the *cella*, deserves due consideration. We are not sure that we can endorse it, though Mr. Newton's defence of it by the lines in Martial,—

Aere nec vacuo pendente Mausolea
Laudibus immodicis Cares in astra ferant,

is happy enough; for these words seem to imply a daring feat of engineering skill. It may be new to some of our readers that the hideous steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury, is a studied imitation of the Mausoleum "according to the Romanized notions of an English architect in the 18th century." As a general conclusion it may fairly be doubted, we think, whether the Mausoleum was, after all, a very beautiful building. Upon the actual sculptures recovered from Halicarnassus, which are (unworthily) housed in the British Museum, we may speak on a future occasion; and Mr. Newton's other researches in Cnidus and Branchidae will call for notice when the remainder of this interesting work has been published.

SALVERTE'S HISTORY OF NAMES.*

THIS is a work by a French scholar of very extensive and curious reading, but of small critical judgment, translated into English by one whom we know only by his title-page, but whom the evidence of his work shows to have small claims to either judgment or scholarship. M. Salverte's book, written now nearly forty years ago, contains a great mass of very curious research, thrown together into a form which is meant to be philosophical, but which to us seems desultory and unscientific. We have several times found assertions in it which startled and puzzled us, but which, on hunting up his authorities through sometimes rather out-of-the-way books, we found to be perfectly accurate. It would, indeed, be only fair if an author in such cases would give fuller and clearer references than M. Salverte always does. Still, when we have put a writer's accuracy to so severe a test, we are inclined to trust his facts in cases where we have not the means, or perhaps not always the enterprise, to verify them at a moment's notice. But M. Salverte, though his reading seems both wide and accurate, has very little critical power. In historical and mythological matters, his standard is, pardonably enough, the standard of forty years back. Possibly what seems to us the desultory, and sometimes twaddling, character of the book has something to do with its philosophical character. M. Salverte deals with names only "in connection with the Progress of Civilization," and the work on Names is only part of a larger work on Civilization generally. Books on the Progress of Civilization have a tendency to get into depths where we cannot pretend to follow them. M. Salverte's History of Names, as becomes a book which is part of a History of Civilization, not uncommonly does so. We suspect that a comparatively small subject does not fare any the better for being thus unequally yoked with a great one. The History of Names will probably be better treated by a good sensible scholar and antiquary than by any very super-celestial philosopher. Anyhow, M. Salverte's history, though containing much that is both curious and acute, does not answer our idea of what a History of Names should be. Very likely our idea is too grovelling and prosaic. If so, it is our misfortune rather than our fault.

In Mr. Mordacque's translation the first thing which strikes one

is the careless and unscholarlike way in which the thing is got up. For instance, whenever the diphthong *æ* occurs, even in such common words as *prænomén*, it is all but invariably turned into *æ*. This is one of the very commonest mistakes of printers, but, on that very account, every author who pretends to anything like common accuracy should be the more on his guard against it. The scholar Boeckh, like Goethe, commonly enjoys the privilege of having his diphthong written at full length, but, if it is to be abridged, it should be *Bœchh*, and not *Bœchh*, as Mr. Mordacque has it. Such unscholarlike forms as *Bythinicus* (p. 74), *Franciscus* (for *Franciscus*), among the titles of Justinian, one is inclined to attribute to the translator rather than to the author. The French custom of giving French endings to Greek names constantly leads Mr. Mordacque astray. He tells us that the Emperor Andronicus called his daughter *Simonides* (p. 64), a strange name enough for a woman. The name, of course, ought to be *Simonis*, and, if Mr. Mordacque had troubled himself to look for it in Ducange, he would have found it so written. Probably M. Salverte wrote the name in some such hermaphrodite shape as *Simonide*. Some similar confusion must have led to the strange statement (p. 253) that "Antigone, Hippolyte, and a thousand other names, were common to both sexes among the Greeks." There is, indeed, a wonderful lack of Greek throughout the book. In p. 68 "Alexander Philippi" passes for Greek, and in p. 330, Appian is quoted in Latin. These may be faults of the author and not the translator. M. Salverte may have read all his Greek authors in Latin translations; and if so, his general accuracy is the more remarkable. When we find (in p. 339) "the *viscounts* of Milan became Dukes," one would be more inclined to suspect Mr. Mordacque than M. Salverte of failing to recognise the surname *Visconti* in the Latin form *Vicecomes*; yet one does not exactly see what the French could have been which could admit of so strange a perversion. But in one place, the crowning blunder of the book, the case is perfectly clear. In p. 160 the reader will find a gem worthy of Mr. Hingeston or of Mr. Williams ab Ithel. We only wonder that the Master of the Rolls has not seized upon so promising an ally. "Constantine Porphyrogenetus," says Mr. Mordacque, "in the work which he dedicates to his *Roman son*, assumes no such titles," &c. *Porphyrogenetus*, by the way, is a hybrid form. It should be either the Greek *Porphyrogennetos*, or the Latin *Porphyrogenitus*; but this is a light matter. But who is Constantine's "Roman son?" Does Mr. Mordacque think that the learned Emperor had several sons belonging to different nations? One is half ashamed to explain the rise and progress of the blunder. M. Salverte, beyond all doubt, wrote "son fils *Romain*." Mr. Mordacque had never heard of the Emperor *Romanus*, he had no idea that "Romain" could possibly be a proper name. It either did not occur to him that "his Roman son" was nonsense, or else he thought that the Byzantine court was fair game to write nonsense about. In either case he has contrived to treat us to one of the very choicest mouthfuls, one of the most delicate tit-bits of criticism, that we have come across for a long time. After Constantine's "Roman son," it is a sort of anti-climax to descend to the daughter, Roman or otherwise, of a later Emperor. But when Mr. Mordacque refers us to "Comnenus's History of the Emperor Alexis," our sense of justice is gratified. The balance of sex and declension is here struck against the effeminate shapes into which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's first edition threw the rulers and warriors of the same house. Anna Comnenus does but fairly make up for Manuel and Andronicus Comnena, and the learned and ambitious princess would doubtless feel more at home in the garb of Hercules than her two valiant nephews in that of Omphale.

A few slips of the author here and there we will not dwell upon at any length, but the two following bits are rather amusing. M. Salverte's historical geography is duly and patriotically Parisian:—

"In the town of Metz, which in idiom and by union with the dominions of the descendants of Clovis and Charlemagne was decidedly French, but which for thirty years had been Germanized in consequence of its political position, you might have noticed at the close of the thirteenth century that its chief magistrates, who were all knights, bore without exception individual or derived surnames instead of family surnames."

This reads like a very awkward translation, and we have no clue to the point from which the thirty years may be reckoned. But the cool appropriation of Merwings and Karlings takes even a funnier form than usual. Who will give the Great Nation its natural boundaries of the Elbe, the Theiss, and the Dalmatian mountains?

M. Salverte wrote in 1824, when the following flourish was less wonderful, but it has a strange effect after reading either Trikoupes or Finlay:—

Faithful to their old traditions, the modern Greeks, when they baptize a child, still choose his name as frequently from the old histories as from the legends of the past; hence we find such names as Miltiades or John, Mary or Penelope. Ulysses [Odysseus] may still be seen in the foremost ranks of those brave heroes who are seeking to reconquer the noble land of their birth.

Greece has no need to blush for her George, her Andrew, her Constantine, or her Elias, but surely the less that is said of her Odysseus the better.

M. Salverte's book contains, as we have said, a very large amount of curious information scattered up and down its pages, and its facts and references will be of great value to any future scientific historian of the subject. But we cannot look upon his book as being itself such a scientific history as we hope for. Probably, M. Salverte's particular aim hindered him from looking at the matter in the purely historical and philological aspect in

* *History of the Names of Men, Nations, and Places, in their connection with the Progress of Civilization.* From the French of Eusebius Salverte. Translated by the Rev. L. H. Mordacque, M.A., Oxon., Vol. I. London: J. R. Smith, 1862.

which we should wish it to be looked at. Let us mention a few of the points which we could desire such a history to try to clear up. The old Greek names obviously fall into two classes. Of one class the meaning is plain at first sight. They are derived from, or more commonly compounded of, words of every day use in the Greek language, and any one who has the most superficial knowledge of that language at once sees their meaning. *ἡγεμὼν*, *Ἀρχιδάμος*, *Διδώρος*, cannot possibly need an interpreter. To this class belong the vast majority of Greek names in historical times, and also a great many mythical names, but chiefly those of secondary persons, seldom those of the main gods and heroes. The other class are not thus intelligible at first sight. Sometimes, indeed, plausible Greek derivations may be given for them. Sometimes, though they cannot be said to be derived from any Greek word, they are clearly connected with some Greek root. But, even in these cases, the etymology is a matter of advanced philology, and not of ordinary scholarship, and there are names on which the Greek language, taken alone, fails to throw any light whatever. To this class belong such names as *Ζεύς*, *Ἀθήνη*, *Ὀρφέης*, *Ἀχιλλεύς*, *Ἑλένη*, and generally the chief mythical names, divine and human—names very sparingly used in historical Greece, though they become a little more common in the Macedonian age. M. Salverte remarks that till comparatively lately, the Jews seldom or never bore the great patriarchal names, Abraham, Moses, &c., and an exactly similar feeling seems to have prevailed in Greece. And besides names of men, names of places in Greece are subject to just the same rule. The later foundations bear names which are perfectly plain at first sight—the ancient cities bear names which are unintelligible or obscure. These classes of names at once carry up the subject into the regions of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology.

With the Roman names something similar occurs. M. Salverte is probably right in holding that the *nomen* was originally a patronymic, the termination in *ius* being identical with the genitive case. Thus Caius Julius is Caius Juli, *Γαῖος δ' Ἰούλιος*, Caius Julusson, Caius Julius, Caius Fitz-Julus. This will account for a vast number of the names of *gentes* as they stand; and we must remember that many may have been formed from obsolete *prænomena*, and that, when the system was once established, new *nomena* might well spring up bearing the patronymic form, though not strictly patronymic in their origin. Thus in English we have the illustrious, though rather anomalous, name of Smithson. But if we thus resolve all *nomena* into *prænomena*, we have still to explain the *prænomena* themselves. A plausible Latin explanation may be given for many of them, but they do not carry their meaning with them like most of the historical Greek, Hebrew, and Teutonic names. What, for instance, are Caius, Tullus, Appius? We cannot, to say the least, answer offhand, as any one who knows Greek, Hebrew, or Old-English, can answer, if he is asked the meaning of Demosthenes, Zedekiah, or Ethelwulf.

The history of the Latin names affords some curious parallels to those of names in modern Europe. The *prænomena* always remained few, and they generally became stereotyped, and were employed without any reference to their real or supposed meaning. A new *prænomen* was almost impossible. When Sulla called his son Faustus, instead of Caius or Lucius, he did something altogether without a parallel. Again, first the *nomen* and then the *cognomen* supplanted the *prænomen* in common use, just as the surname with us has supplanted the Christian name. Polybius shows us the state of transition. He sometimes speaks of Scipio, but far more commonly of Publius. Such an use of a *prænomen*, except in the solitary case of the name Appius, is quite unknown to Livy. Again, under the early Empire we get surnames like Nero and Drusus used as *prænomena*, just as many a man among ourselves is called Smith Jones or Plantagenet Tomkins. M. Salverte has some good remarks on the gradual corruption of the Roman nomenclature, but we do not think that he mentions this last innovation.

The historian of names should take in the names of places as well as of persons. He may well end his labours with a lament over the utter loss of the art of name-giving. Look at the map of England, with all its old Saxon, Anglian, and Danish names, some descriptive, some historical, but all formed according to the then analogies of the language, and then look at a map of any of the colonies or of the United States. Boston and New York have their parallels in the Sicilian Messene and the Spanish New Carthage. Charleston is, irrespective of its history, as good as any English Charlton or Swedish Carby. But fancy being condemned to live at Cairo, Troy, Big Bethel, Cincinnati, Milledgeville, or the City of Jefferson. Washington happily bore the name of an English village, and so secured a decent name for the Northern capital; but who knows in what Utica, Vienna, or Smithopolis the seat of government of the rival Confederation may finally fix itself?

WHICH DOES SHE LOVE?*

IN an age when every man is profoundly sensible of the duty of mending his neighbour's ways, we could desire to contribute our mite to the common stock of mutual improvement by founding a reformatory for novelists. It is a weary and disheartening labour to go on for ever reproving the backslidings of this stiff-necked race. It is in vain to preach to them—they only reply by another three volumes full of their old sins, as tiresome and unreadable as ever. Their evil habits require a more systematic eradication. They must be subjected to critical discipline for a period varying with the heinousness of their offence, and not exposed again to the

temptations of pen and ink, and the society of the publisher who originally seduced them from the paths of good taste, until they are thoroughly cured. Of course it would be hopeless to enumerate all the forms of nonsense of which it may be hoped that such a reformatory might cure even the most confirmed novel-writer. But there are two prominent vices to which the attention of the philanthropist should be specially directed. To treat them, according to the prevalent fashion, not as vices, but as moral diseases, we should call one of them the Mayfair mania, or *lux Belgraviana*. It shows itself in an irrepressible desire to depict with the minutest detail, and the most damnable iteration, the manners and customs of that happy race that dwells within smell of the balmy Serpentine. The appropriate remedy for this affection is a course of realistic training, tending to dissipate the halo which ignorance, flunkeyism, and a devout study of the *Morning Post* tend to gather round the heads of those who live in the West End. The patient should be sentenced to aristocratic society for a year, so that he may convince himself that morality and intellect are not particularly affected either way by degrees in the peerage, and that fashionable ladies do not invariably make violent love upon the first introduction. A course of large dinners might also be prescribed, in order to carry home to him the conviction that soup, when handed by plush and hair-powder, remains nevertheless (unless the powder tumbles in) nothing but soup after all. But the other moral malady is more destructive still. It may be best described as incontinence of tall talk. Fashion and fine writing between them ruin nine-tenths of the novels that cumber Mr. Mudie's shelves; but we are inclined to think that the fine writing is far the most fatal habit of the two. A man must be very far removed indeed from the Belgravian firmament before he thinks its constellations worth describing, except in a satire; but fine writing is a temptation to which all are exposed. Perhaps a course of stump-oratory is the best remedy. No doubt so much eloquence finds its way into our novels simply because the writers have no other vent to give it. They cannot really believe that the young gentlemen and young ladies whose conversations they undertake to report actually talk to each other in rolling sentences a page long. They must be aware, at least from their own experience, that love-scenes are not usually conducted in the language Mr. Everett employs in his orations. But it is the only public opportunity they have for the delivery of their over-burdened souls. The magniloquent perorations with which "Ada" and "Hubert" are made to reply to each other in a romantic green lane, are in truth only gems from the speeches with which the author would have electrified the world long ago if an unkind fate had but given him a chance. If he had ever so small a stump whereon to vent his oratorical powers, he would not put the speeches of a debating society into the mouths of his hero and heroine. They would be allowed to speak the ordinary slip-slop in which they were brought up, and to indulge in the abundant anacoluthon which is the favourite figure in English conversation.

Mr. Colburn Mayne is a victim principally to the latter propensity. In respect to the fashionable world he even shows a certain amount of virtue. Though he brings several of his characters to London, he does not take one of them to a ball. There is not a single flirtation in Rotten Row, nor a debauchee peer from one end of the novel to the other. A lisping subaltern with an aristocratic name is the only requisition Mr. Mayne makes upon the traditional stock of fashionable properties. But the few glimpses he does give us of his views of fashionable life show that it is only his self-restraint that has preserved him from countesses who make assignations at first sight, and duchesses who elope at the third interview. He is possessed with the same strange idea that haunts so many novelists, touching the special accessibility of "the upper ten thousand." That it is the peculiarity of fashionable people, male and female, and to a certain extent of English people in general, to pick up anybody they may meet in picture galleries, museums, streets, and so forth, and after ten minutes' conversation to swear eternal friendship, appears to be the one point on which there is a *consensus* among the explorers who undertake to tell the outside world what mysterious Belgravia is like. One of the heroes of the book (there are four or five) is a youth of eighteen, named Lionel. He quarrels with his stepmother, runs away from home, and walks up to London, a distance of fifty miles. On his arrival he sleeps at a small inn, and the next day goes to call on an actor whom he had met strolling about the country, and with whom he had formed a friendship. At this point is introduced the solitary fashionable character in the book, one Sir George Savile by name, who makes his appearance in a chapter headed, "The Man of the World." The man of the world drives up in a brougham just as Lionel is relating to his actor friend how he ran away from his stepmother. Thereupon Sir George Savile, who knows the actor, immediately invites Lionel to jump into his brougham, and drive off to lunch at his villa on the Thames with Sir Edwin Landseer and Lord Carlisle, Madame Alboni, and a great number of other distinguished persons. Not satisfied with these favours, the man of the world shortly afterwards offers Lionel to take him into his house on the footing of a younger brother, and "to provide him with dress, money, and everything suitable for that station." It may be doubted whether men of the world generally would be eager to endorse this definition of the legitimate footing of a younger brother. The conversation of Sir George Savile, who is represented as a typical specimen of those who live in the land of fashion, is perfectly in character with his proceedings in general. When he had lodged Lionel in his brougham, and was driving him out to meet Lord Carlisle, this was the style of his discourse:—

"No other city in the world has a scene like that!" he observed, directing

* Which does she Love? By Colburn Mayne. 3 vols. London: Hurst. 1862.

Lionel's attention to the richly wooded glades of Kensington Gardens lying on their left. "Those giant trees, pyramids of bloom now that their flowers are in perfection—those sweeps of grass, dark from the shade of the chestnut boughs—that sheet of water, whose curves we catch through the trees, make up a landscape that seen in the country would win our admiration, that seen on the Continent would be trumpeted over Europe."

All of which things are exactly what a "man of the world," belonging to "the land of fashion," would say to a youth whom he had picked up in the street and never seen before. But London appears to have a strange power of bringing on these paroxysms of fine writing to which Mr. Colburn Mayne is so deplorable a victim. A kind of prose ode to Piccadilly and Buckingham Palace is one of the severest cases of the malady we have ever met:—

On a little farther, and they saw glittering before them the startling and fairy-like radiance of the lamps, that curve, and rise, and sink in wondrous beauty with the rise and fall of princely, palace-lined Piccadilly: on till there broke suddenly on their sight the great open extent of park in front of Buckingham Palace—that royal abode, with its clustering lights, rising through the gloom like a palace in Arabian story.

Surely even the National Gallery may take heart now, and hope to find its poet yet, if Buckingham Palace has lived to be likened to a palace of Arabian story. Perhaps we may even be permitted to see the day when universal rehabilitation shall have been accomplished, and enthusiastic admirers shall descant on the poetry of the Brompton Boilers.

If any chemical process existed by which all this vaporous bombast could be distilled out of its style, *Which does she Love?* would not be an uninteresting novel. As a tale of mere incident, without pretending to any delicate portraiture of character, it would not be without attraction, if only it were possible, even for a chapter, to conclude a truce with the fine writing. But there is no escape from it. The passionate lovers, and the philosophic friends, and the cruel stepmother, and the affectionate mother—all of them talk with the full consciousness that the reporters are in the gallery. And the author himself is more difficult to endure than all his characters put together. For fear the moral of his fiction should not be apprehended at once by his younger readers, he is careful to point it out at every convenient interval, and, when he thinks it particularly striking, to improve it by preaching upon things in general. A Greek chorus, suddenly smitten with a taste for grandiose twaddle, is the ideal pattern he appears to have set himself to copy. There is only one chance for his cure. He must get rid of the extravasated oratory that presses on the brain, by some more natural channel. He loves London dearly. If he could only induce London to return the compliment, and invest him with that chartered right of spouting which resides in the dignity of a Metropolitan Member, he might yet be healed. Then, in frequent addresses to his constituents, he could throw off that morbid secretion of fine phrases with which he is now afflicted. It will be in our power then to judge fairly of his story-telling capabilities, which may very likely be found to be far greater than, in their present disguise, it is possible to suspect. If he does adopt the healing process we have recommended, and becomes a candidate for the representation of princely Piccadilly, he will probably find that he can transfer most of the choice passages in this book to his electioneering speeches, and be sure of an appreciative audience. Only there is one feature which he must be content to suppress. For the last twenty years the land has been sorely plagued with the religious novel. But now a worse pest has come upon us, in the shape of an irreligious novel. Denunciation of the principal doctrines of Christianity, and of those who preach them, has become as favourite a condiment for spicing an insipid dialogue as eulogy of religious ritualism used to be in years gone by. Founding an argument against real opinions upon facts avowedly fictitious, is in any case as bold an affront to common sense as can well be conceived. But the character of the proceeding varies considerably with the gravity of the opinions discussed. The author may safely count upon disgusting all to whom he addresses himself if he goes on interpolating into the intervals of a fictitious story polemical arguments upon the gravest controversy upon which human beings can enter.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

(Second Notice.)

IT is impossible not to be struck, on reading the letters of Napoleon recently published by the French Government, with the singular harmony between the man and his place in history. Napoleon was the child of the Revolution in something more than a rhetorical sense. If de Tocqueville had lived to finish the great work he had projected, the proof would have been complete, that the Revolutionary era at the end of the century was the direct product of the monarchy of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth. All the better influences which had begun to work during the reign of the last Bourbon King were prevented from bearing fruit, and the only ideas and the only passions which survived were those which owed their parentage to ages of immoral despotism. Putting aside his immense intellectual power and his immense opportunities, the character of Napoleon was just such a character as must have belonged to multitudes of aspiring men before the catastrophe of 1789. No country governed constitutionally could have produced him. His disdain of obstacles, his far-reaching projects, his contempt for prejudices, his taste for universal organization and belief in its practicability, would all have been an impossibility in an Englishman; but had he been an Englishman he might have possessed some qualities in which he appears to have been entirely deficient—patience, self-command, self-respect, and tenderness for his fellow-men. Many a poor nobleman in the army or public offices of the Bourbon Kings may have entertained Napoleon's ideas on the subject of government, and

would have committed Napoleon's mistakes if he had been permitted to carry them into practice. There was nothing special about the hero of the French nation except his opportunities and his ability.

Napoleon can never be understood unless it is remembered that he was a member of the noblesse, and was brought up under the influences which surrounded that class. His furious assailants in the English press during the war used to think they had made a great point against him when they alleged the meanness of his origin, and Mr. J. W. Croker, who continued to write in 1844 just as Ministerial scribes had written in 1814, had an especial delight in calling the Emperor's father a small attorney. But that the blood of the Bonapartes was fully recognised as noble is placed beyond doubt, among other things, by the circumstance that Napoleon's sister was educated in the seminary founded by Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr, to which no girl would have obtained admission whose family could not strictly prove all its quarterings. Indeed, Napoleon's earlier enemies more than once sought to discredit him as an aristocrat, and one of the few blows which the Directory dared to aim at him when his designs began to be suspected, consisted in a decree by which all ex-nobles were disqualified for serving the Republic. Napoleon Bonaparte, with others, among whom was Talleyrand, was specially excepted, but the measure was not uningeniously designed to excite odium against the excepted persons, and would have probably caused their ruin if Jacobinism had retained any power. In spite of his early fanaticism, real or affected, for republicanism, Napoleon preserved on the throne the traces of his class-origin, which clung to him all the more tenaciously because the Corsican noblesse to which he belonged had only recently been raised to the level of the French nobles, and because his own family was among the poorest of the poor nobility of Corsica. Even those characteristics which seem at first sight only to attach to him as a successful soldier are probably connected with his early prepossessions. His contempt for the middle class and its avocations, and his view of the military profession as a sort of caste, were probably inherited from his parents, rather than imbibed from his associates in the armies of the Republic. But there are many other points about him which connect him with the privileged orders of the times before the Revolution, and these are strongly brought out in the letters included in the last volume of his correspondence. In May, 1804, he assumed the Imperial crown, and his whole demeanour at this period betrays a mind to which the Court at Versailles had early presented itself as the consummation of human dignity and splendour. There is, to use a term too English to be properly applicable, a frank and hearty "snobbishness" about the new-made Emperor, a thorough belief in his own majesty, and a confiding reliance on the servility of others, which nobody would have supposed to be the proper characteristics of a French sovereign, except a member of that particular class which had accustomed itself to look for the centre of the universe at Versailles. It has been truly said of him that, throughout his reign, he could never rid himself of the vision of Louis the Fourteenth descending the great staircase with his courtiers behind him. One, however, is scarcely prepared for the seriousness and promptness with which he assumes the airs of sovereignty in 1804, and it is impossible not to suspect that he had been dreaming of such things all his life. The change in his letters from the style of the Republican chief magistrate to the style Imperial is almost laughably abrupt. On May 17th, he writes familiarly to his correspondent, addresses him as "Citizen Minister" and signs himself "Bonaparte." On May 18th, he writes to Cambacères as "My Cousin," speaks of himself in the plural, prays God to have his correspondent in His holy keeping, and signs "Napoleon." The minutest details to be observed at the reception of the Public Bodies and at the coronation appear to have been settled and probably extemporized by Napoleon himself, who writes on the subject as if he had been a Gold-Stick-in-Waiting all his days.

The least respectable of the characteristics which Napoleon had in common with a class of which the obscurer members looked upon interest at Court as the sole instrument of promotion, were his entire want of self-respect and his propensity to intrigue and adulation when his ends were to be served by them. Napoleon never thought it worth while to control his temper, but he could stoop to flatter with the grossest servility, and he never halted at a lie. At the period to which his lately published letters relate, he was too highly placed to be under the necessity of flattering many persons, but there was one person from whom he wished to obtain favours which were likely to be denied to violence or menace. He wanted to prevail on the Pope to come to Paris to crown him, and he wished the Holy See to become the medium of communication with the Catholic conspirators in Ireland. His correspondence with the Pope is therefore almost in the modern begging-letter strain. A long letter dated in January, 1804, is distinguished by a simple barefacedness which in another writer might be called impudence. Napoleon begins by assuring the Pope that, if his Holiness wants anything from the French Government, he has only to intimate his wishes to Cardinal Caprara. The First Consul has seen with the greatest satisfaction the completion of the Concordat with the Italian Republic. He is charmed with the conduct of the French clergy, whose revenues he is on the point of increasing. He intends to establish theological seminaries in all the dioceses. He recommends Cardinal Caselli to the Pope; he (the First Consul) has been engaged in theological discussions with the Cardinal, and has been struck with the purity of his sentiments. He begs the Pope to give some good advice to his sister Pauline, who is living at Rome. And then comes the sting of the epistle in its last paragraph.

I have received a great number of petitions from the Catholics of Ireland, who are subject to an oppression which is quite intolerable and wholly incompatible with the principles of philosophy on which the English pique themselves. I should like to know in what manner Your Holiness exercises influence over these Catholics. I cannot think that they are entirely debarred from communication with the Holy See.

One would have liked to hear the theological discussions between the Cardinal and the First Consul, who six years before had professed himself a believer in Islam. But the richest part of the letter is the attempt to conciliate the Pope by a sarcasm at the "philosophical" principles of the English. Is it possible that our countrymen, who at this time had been frightened by French principles into a fury of orthodoxy, were still regarded by Napoleon as the Englishmen whom Voltaire loved to depict—as men who believed in nothing but Locke, revered nobody but Newton, and were not to be imposed on by priest or parson?

Few things seem to have fretted Napoleon more than the conduct of his sister Pauline, now Princess Borghese. He justly felt that the brother of so notorious a person could never seem altogether august. A letter which he wrote to her just before his assumption of the crown combines a curious affectation of regal dignity with a right-down brotherly scolding. The First Consul is not ashamed to twit "Madame et chère Sœur" with her being too old to flirt, and warns her that if she quarrels with her husband she shall not re-enter France. A few days afterwards he requests his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to give "Madame Paulette" a lecture, and to taunt her again with being no longer young. "Dites-lui de ma part que déjà elle n'est plus belle, et qu'elle le sera beaucoup moins dans quelques années." Napoleon was entirely incapable of delicacy, and never spared an affront when he was angry. The bullying tone which runs through all his correspondence with his family is worth observing. It is of a piece with the rest of a character in which, with all its greatness, no feature was so marked as contempt for human feeling, for human life, and almost for human nature.

THE WARS OF CANADA.*

THIS work was originally printed in the year 1826, for official use, by the desire of the Duke of Wellington. The author had been employed to inspect and report upon the state of the defences of the Canadian frontier, and he drew up a brief sketch of the wars to which that frontier had been exposed, in order to exhibit the strategic value of the measures of defence which he recommended. He states in the preface to his work, that the events of the wars of which it treats afford, in his opinion, a demonstration of the impossibility of the conquest of Canada by the United States, provided the British Government should avail itself of the military precautions which were in its power to adopt, "by establishing those communications and occupying those points" which had been principally suggested by the Duke of Wellington. The author was an officer of engineers of great experience and reputation. He served under Sir John Moore in Spain, and as commanding engineer under Sir Thomas Graham in Holland in 1814. It was he who advised that celebrated assault on the almost impregnable fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, in which one scarcely knows whether to admire more the bravery of the British who got into the place or of the French who drove them out of it. The assault was made at night, and nearly the whole of the troops employed in it succeeded in reaching the body of the place. At dawn, the garrison attacked them, and through a series of incomprehensible blunders of their leaders they were forced to retreat. "The prisoners taken by the enemy actually outnumbered the effective French soldiers in the fortress." The author was afterwards employed in strengthening the defences of the Netherlands against the expected invasion of the French; and at the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo he served on the staff of the Duke of Wellington. After the peace, he was employed on missions of military inspection in the Netherlands, in the West Indies, and in Canada. The manner in which he set about the last-named duty gives a high idea of his capacity, and the book which he composed is a striking testimony to the value of military history to a scientific soldier. He says that the transactions of three wars must be considered by those who would acquire a thorough knowledge of the Canadian frontier, so as to judge of the probable lines of the enemy's operations and of the points which ought to be occupied for defence. The first of those wars is that by which Canada was acquired just one hundred years ago. The second is the war of American Independence. The third is that which ended in 1814, leaving in the minds of Americans who have not studied history so carefully as our author, anticipations of future conquest which the events of the last three months have shown to be very unlikely to be realized. It will probably be interesting to extract from the book before us a brief account of the last of these three wars, for the sake, principally, of exhibiting the loyalty and bravery of the Canadian militia, and thus of showing that there are good grounds for the confidence with which we should regard, and the cheerfulness with which we should sustain, their efforts to defend, in case of need, that frontier which their fathers held so stoutly in former wars.

When the American Government declared war against this country in 1812, it proposed to itself to conquer Canada out of hand, and with this view it undertook three movements. One corps was directed against Amherstberg at the western extremity of Lake

Erie; another against the district of Niagara; and a third against Montreal. At this time the British regular troops in Canada amounted to about 4500 men, or nearly the same number as were stationed there before the Trent outrage. The vigour of some of the officers went far to supply the deficiency of men. Before anything could be attempted by the Americans against Amherstberg, their own fort of Detroit, nearly opposite to it, was attacked and taken by General Brock at the head of a force little more than half as numerous as that opposed to it. Later in the year, the Americans crossed the Niagara river at Queen's Town below the Falls, and suffered a complete defeat. One party of the British was stationed on the beach, and another party on the hill above the town. A considerable body of Americans had crossed the river and was overpowering the British on the beach. General Brock ordered the party on the hill to sustain their comrades on the beach. Immediately the hill was occupied by a body of Americans who had crossed at another point. General Brock, perceiving his error, endeavoured to regain this important post, and unhappily was killed in the attempt. Some fresh troops having come up, his successor in the command attacked the enemy, took more than half of them prisoners, and drove the remainder to their boats. The Americans, whose numbers were superior, conducted this operation very ill; but it will be seen that, as they gained experience, they became more difficult to beat. The corps destined to operate against Montreal assembled at Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, and advanced close to the Canadian frontier, but retreated without effecting anything. The author considers the American movements in this campaign "almost beneath criticism." The result gave great confidence to the Canadian militia. They had been very willing and useful, and had shown that their services were to be depended on. They had acquired a spirit of self-reliance and a dislike to the enemy from which the best effects might be anticipated. But these advantages were dearly purchased by the death of General Brock, whose character had gained for him great influence, both over the Canadian settlers and the Indians. However, the first campaign was ended, and with the usual peace garrison the American invasions had been repelled.

Next year the Americans determined to make greater efforts to attain the objects which had eluded them in the previous campaign. They proposed to employ three separate corps. The first was destined to operate at the western extremity of Lake Erie, where it would endeavour to retake Detroit and to take Amherstberg. The second was to assemble at Sackett's Harbour, towards the eastern end of Lake Ontario, and to attempt the capture of Kingston and York on the British side of the lake. This force was destined to be sent subsequently to the west end of the same lake, to co-operate with another force collected at Buffalo in an attack upon the British forts on the Niagara. The third corps was to repeat the movement of last year, from the neighbourhood of Lake Champlain against Montreal. The first event of the campaign was a victory gained by the British near Detroit. Several other actions followed in which the British, with inferior force, were the assailants, but failed to make the impression which they hoped. Success in this quarter by land depended upon naval superiority on Lake Erie. As the year wore on, squadrons on either side were got afloat, and the superior resources of the Americans enabled them to gain one of the most cherished of their naval triumphs. It is important to observe that from that moment the British troops about Detroit were reduced to a difficult defensive. Neither reinforcements nor supplies could be sent to them by water. The want of men, indeed, was not so great as at the beginning of the campaign, but they could neither be fed nor provided with ammunition and necessities. The American force augmented as the British dwindled. Having completed its preparations, it moved by water and by land against Detroit and Amherstberg. The British evacuated those places, and retreated along the River Thames to Chatham, where the fatigued and disheartened remnant attempted to make a stand. It was overpowered and routed by a force at least five times as numerous as itself, and after a flight of eighty-five miles through a desert country, only a fifth of the force which had quitted Amherstberg could be collected. This heavy disaster was the immediate consequence of the extinction of the British naval force upon Lake Erie. The first or Western corps of the American army had thus attained a considerable success. The second, which we shall call the Central corps, sailed from Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario, to York, which it took without much difficulty, and thence it proceeded to the mouth of the Niagara river to attack Forts George and Erie. The number of the assailants is said to have been 7000, while the British had only 2300 regulars and militia to oppose to them. Throughout this history of operations, the strength of the troops engaged is very precisely stated, and we venture to believe that these statements may be relied on. The British, being unable to defend the Niagara frontier, withdrew to Burlington Heights on Lake Ontario, and their position appeared very critical. In front was a superior enemy, and in rear they had no support. "Under these circumstances, Colonel Sir John Harvey proposed a night attack, with the bayonet, upon the enemy's troops in their front, who had advanced as far as Stony Creek." The attack was completely successful, and it had the effect of destroying all spirit of enterprise in the Americans in this quarter during the remainder of the campaign. They suffered themselves to be, as it were, blockaded in the British posts which they had occupied, although they had a great superiority of force. Later in the year, they abandoned these posts and withdrew to their own side of the river. The British reoccupied their frontier posts, and even ventured to make a night attack upon Fort Niagara on the American

* *Prices of the Wars in Canada, from 1755 to the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. With Military and Political Reflections.* By the late Major-General Sir James Carmichael-Smyth, Bart., C.B., K.C.H., K.M.T., K.S.W. Edited by his Son, Sir James Carmichael, Bart. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1862.

side, which was successful. Thus the operations of the central corps came to nothing, and meanwhile the march of the third or Eastern corps from Lake Champlain against Montreal had been equally resultless and inglorious. The advance of this corps was checked upon the Chateaugay River by a very inferior number of Canadian militia and troops raised in Canada, thus affording a practical proof of the courage and good disposition of the colonists, and of the possibility of improving their militia so as to be fully equal to any American troops which might be brought against them.

The Americans were now beginning to appreciate the difficulties of conquering Canada, and their plan of campaign for the third year of the war was far humbler than those which they had entertained before. Its principal objects were to retake Fort Niagara and to attack Kingston. They began operations on the Niagara frontier auspiciously. Fort Erie was surrendered to them, and the British commander, having attacked the invading force, was repulsed and compelled to retreat towards Burlington Heights, leaving garrisons in Fort George and Fort Niagara. Reinforcements arrived, and Sir Gordon Drummond assumed the chief command. Under him was fought the hardest battle of the war—that of Lundy's Lane, between Forts George and Erie, in which the loss on either side was nearly equal. The honour of the day seems to have rested with the British, and the Americans stood on the defensive during the remainder of the campaign. It is remarkable that, so long as the Americans possessed a superiority of force and acted generally upon British territory, they were unsuccessful. But as soon as the war in Europe had come to an end, and England was free to employ her veteran soldiers beyond the Atlantic, from that moment she began to suffer in reputation, through the incapacity or imprudence of her generals. It was now the turn of the British to threaten the shores of Lake Champlain from Montreal. General Sir George Prevost advanced at the head of 11,000 troops, of which a large part had served in Spain, and arrived in front of the town of Plattsburg on the lake. The author treats Sir George Prevost with more tenderness than other writers have shown towards him, but it is evident enough that in his opinion this general failed to display anything like the energy which had gained the British their successes against heavy odds during this war. Now they had an army superior in numbers, and far more superior in quality to the enemy, but the indecision of its chief more than neutralized its strength, discipline, and bravery. Sir George Prevost delayed for several days to attack Plattsburg, in order that a naval attack on the American squadron on the lake might be made simultaneously with his attack on the place by land. Ultimately the naval attack was made, and it resulted in the defeat of the British squadron, while the British army remained mere spectators of the catastrophe. It was then discovered that Plattsburg had been made too strong to admit of being attacked with any prospect of success, and so this fine army retreated into Canada without having struck a single blow. Peace was made soon afterwards, and thus a contest which had been waged vigorously and gloriously was marked towards its close by feebleness which produced failure. The Americans were able to boast that they had seen the soldiers of the Duke of Wellington fall back before them, and thus they gained a confidence which in any future war it might cost much hard fighting to prove unwarranted. The author fears that the 500 men saved at Plattsburg may, at some future time, cost this country 5000. However, the whole result of the history of these wars appears to be, that, as between Canada and the United States, the attacking party is likely to be defeated. Now as the aspirations of Canada are limited to successful self-defence, it is reasonable to anticipate that those aspirations would be realized. If the spirit of her people be what this book shows that it was in the last war, there need be no fear but that in any future war the Canadians will hold their own at least until we can arrive to aid them.

THE MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE.*

A QUESTION has been often raised with regard to the constitution and essence of a novel. Novels and romances are allowed to differ from other books in some important characteristics, but fluctuating opinion has not yet decided what those characteristics are. Supposing, however, that the difficult question were tending towards a solution, a publication like *The Memoirs of Queen Hortense* would seriously complicate it. Do these volumes constitute what is called a novel, or not? Internal evidence altogether fails to decide the doubt. There are cogent arguments from the internal evidence in favour of its being a novel, and there are arguments, perhaps the least bit less cogent, against it. When the case is thus obscure, a jury may return a verdict on one side or the other by a majority of its members, but it cannot be expected to be unanimous. The evidence of the authors themselves is beside the point, and goes no way towards enabling the judge to sum up. All that they can prove is their own animus in committing the act, not the complexion of the act itself. On the one hand, they may have determined to write a novel, and by reason of their subject-matter have been led into some very un-novel-like writing; on the other, in their enthusiasm for their heroine, they may have imagined they were writing a sober history, and never noticed that their history was approaching the character of a novel so closely that it would presently be found impossible to know the two apart. We can conceive no conditions of a novel which are not fulfilled in these two volumes.

Sometimes they are fulfilled with a good deal of margin to spare. The exigencies which prescribe love as one important feature of the romance, are amply satisfied in the *Memoirs*. There is love pure and simple, and disappointment in love, and love meeting its reward, to the content of the most exacting novel-reader. It is true that the love does not result in a satisfactory marriage towards the end, but then the law which made this issue compulsory on a novel has long been repealed. We have grown hardened to seeing lovers separated, disappointed, dying—even to their marrying the wrong people and supporting an undecided existence till the close of the last volume. A happy marriage has ceased to be the *sine qua non* of a novel. So far the body of evidence appears to be in favour of the authors having contemplated a mere work of fiction when they compiled these *Memoirs*. The evidence in favour of the historical side of the question seems limited to the fact that the heroine is a historical character. Queen Hortense undoubtedly was a real live queen. She was the daughter of Josephine, she married the King of Holland, she was the mother of the present Emperor of the French, she lived and died within two given dates. But we take leave to say that, while these main facts are indisputable, the circumstances and details exhibited as connecting them wear a dangerously poetical air. The language in which she is described is so strong an example of the figure hyperbole—her actions are so entirely correct and admirable, with a suspicious freedom from all errors—so intimate a knowledge is displayed of her inmost thoughts and feelings, as well as of her external words and actions—that we can hardly resist the conclusion that it is not so much Queen Hortense whom we are to criticise as the so-called compilers of her *Memoirs*. Messrs. Wraxall and Wehrhan are really before the public bar to receive sentence. *Mutato nomine*, the story is being told not only by them but of them.

If we decide these memoirs to be a mere historical romance, it does not therefore follow that the joint authors are to have an adverse sentence passed upon them. Only we have a right to grumble that we have been taken in. Supposing we had been of the school of readers who take a pride in abjuring the novel *quâ* novel, we should clearly have had a right to indict the authors for false pretences. We should have sat down to a book of history and found too late that we had been perusing a novel. We should have been fondling a wolf under the lamb's clothing. We might even have been entrapped like the old knight of Woodstock into passing a favourable verdict on an enemy. But of this there would have been fortunately little peril. It is not likely that on either hypothesis, be they simple history or ornate romance, *The Memoirs of Queen Hortense*, as thus compiled, would have carried away many votes in their favour. The history of this lady is too touching, too full of a pathos that is real and not fictitious, to be handled thus unskillfully. Her memoirs will probably never be published as only the memoirs of such a life ought to be published. But she will not need it. Where the outlines are broad and marked as are those of her life, the most unimaginative reader can fill them in for himself. He may not do justice to the original in full, but he will at least be likely to do less violence to it than our two authors. It is not probable that he will complacently overlay a beautiful face and figure with paint and tinsel of the most tawdry description. These two gentlemen have combined to paint the lily, and they have done so by investing it with a coating of pigment which conceals its true beauty, which rouses the spectator's suspicion by its glaring improbability, and of which the only redeeming point is that its adhesion for any length of time is impossible. It is true that they have been impartial in thus treating the lily. They have painted other flowers as well. They have dealt out similar measure to other characters, and in this way been consistent with themselves. But this fact fails to reconcile us to their *modus operandi*. Putting these volumes on their lowest ground, and accepting them as a mere imping of the romantic wing previous to essaying bolder flights, yet we have seen romances before now, less firmly based on historical grounds than the present professes to be, in which an incomparably fairer view of history is given, and the eternal laws of probability are more consistently recognised. Thus, these memoirs imply that the ambition of the great Emperor's brothers pointed to the occupation of thrones and the foundation of dynasties before his own thoughts had ever travelled in that direction. The question can only be discussed on *à priori* grounds, but our belief tends to a different appreciation of the great Napoleon's far-sighted ambition. Again, soon after her marriage with Napoleon, Josephine employed her influence with Barras and Tallien to obtain for him the command of the army of Italy. We should have thought the mere fact of the marriage a sufficiently natural explanation of her conduct. But our authors search more deeply into the motives which animate human nature. Josephine solicited her husband's promotion, they tell us, "to reward him in a princely manner for his delicate flattery. Bonaparte, in order to produce an equality between his own age and that of his bride, had represented Josephine as four years younger than she was, while he added more than a twelvemonth to his own age."

If these memoirs are to be regarded as history, our authors have misconceived the nature and office of history altogether. Metaphors in one sentence and facts in another, if the writer pleases; but not metaphor and fact hopelessly intermingled. What are we to think when we read that Hortense, after she had ceased to be Queen of Holland, and was in point of fact dead, "remained among us as queen of flowers, which did not turn away from her as so many of her friends did"? These joint authors, indeed, may be regarded as kings of flowers by virtue of the rude dominions

* *Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon III.* Compiled by Laucelles Wraxall and Robert Wehrhan. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett. 1862.

they exercise over metaphors and other flowers of speech; but can these be the flowers of which their heroine was queen? It is possible; but if these flowers did not turn away from Queen Hortense, it would have been a matter of slight regret if they had occasionally turned away from our authors, or at all events been more sparingly introduced to public notice. Then again, whether in a novel or history, it is desirable that any given chapter should bear in some degree upon the story, or at least have something or other to do with the matter in hand. In these volumes we have irrelevant episodes by the chapter, nor is anything gained by their introduction beyond an opportunity of painting a fresh lily. Hence it is that, observing the eagerness with which they avail themselves of these opportunities, we are of opinion that these two gentlemen have rather engaged in the grateful task of evolving themselves before the reader's gaze than of evolving Queen Hortense.

There are some circumstances recorded as facts in these volumes which, from the historical point of view, are astonishing. We hear that the bronze statue in the Place Vendôme seems to smile from time to time. We presume that the fact has never been verified, but this may be owing to difficulties connected with the height from which the smile appears. The father and step-father of Hortense are apostrophized as "all these uncrowned kings." But the Viscount de Beauharnais was never a king; and if he was so in a metaphorical sense, we do not see why he ever should have been uncrowned. There is a remarkable scene described as having occurred in the Convent of the Carmelites, when a pupil of the great Cagliostro exhibited to Josephine a tableau of her husband's appearance and actions on the eve of his being guillotined. The authors neglect to state whether they regard it as purely historical; but there is so much of magic and *diablerie* introduced into other historical scenes, that it is at least possible. We read that at the age of twelve Hortense "had arrived at the boundary

Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

This appears rather an early age for the meeting in question; but our misgivings are allayed when we discover that four years later she was not unnaturally still regarded as a child, so that the brook and river probably, in her case, only met for a moment, and deferred the expected interview till further notice. The Viennese are stated to have said of Napoleon, "Now it is all up with him—now we have him, for he has been vaccinated with the Austrian misfortune and stupidity." But for the Viennese to have said this implies on their part an admiration of the saying of Epimenides the Cretan, combined with an ignorance of the difficulties to which his saying led. One chapter exhibits the alluring title of "Louis Napoleon a seller of violets." We confess to having betaken ourselves to this chapter with curiosity, but it was only to discover that the present Emperor, when a boy, had elected to sell violets at the gate of the Tuileries, in the contingency of his ever being obliged to do something for his own livelihood. On one occasion, when Napoleon was unusually excited, the authors tell us that "his voice echoed like rolling thunder through the long gallery, and made the forms of the heroes of the ancient Republic tremble again on their pedestals."

In fact, the knowledge of our authors is extraordinary. Like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with the metropolis, it is both universal and particular: from the Parisian placard which stated that "the Sovereigns will make their entry by the Barrière des Trône," down to the smallest details of a secret interview, they know, or at least they relate, everything. Not only is it that no gesture of any personage, even in a *tête-à-tête*, fails to become their property, but they can see into the deepest arcana of a male or female heart at pleasure, and they take pleasure in exhibiting to a curious public the most secret thoughts and emotions of the great. When we admire the system by which our cotemporary journals receive special correspondence from all parts of the globe, at least we can comprehend the method by which it is carried on, and the great resources of which it is the result; but we can devise no theory to account for this marvellous and universal knowledge on the part of Messrs. Wrexall and Wehrhan. Can it be that one has been travelling member of the firm, and has specially corresponded from all the European states in succession, while the other has remained at home to knead the facts of the correspondence into the form which they at present exhibit? This is an ingenious hypothesis, and *pro tanto*, we submit, to be complimented. But facts militate against it. The unassisted imagination of one writer could never have conceived—much less elaborated—the metaphors which crop up to the surface of every page of these volumes. It is a very Gradus ad Parnassum of tropes and figures, and it must have required two minds at least to perfect it. It is something to hear that "the lion of St. Mark no longer made the world tremble with its roar;" it is a matter of regret that any one should have found her life's "perfume crushed under foot for ever." But these are tame and spiritless flights compared with some others. We conclude with one which affected us first with astonishment, and then with the most genuine pleasure:—

Bonaparte laid his victorious sword across the yawning sanguinary abyss which had drunk up indifferently the blood of aristocrats and democrats; and he converted this sword into a bridge, over which the nation passed out of one century into the next, and from the Republic into the Empire.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A CLEVER writer's sketches of the eminent men in whose society he has lived are among the most charming contributions to history which it is in his power to leave behind him. But he should be content that they should earn him only posthumous

fame. If he publishes them during his lifetime, he deprives them of their principal value to the world; for few men are bold enough publicly to speak the truth, or a tenth part of it, with respect to those whose relations they meet every day. M. de Reumont's *Contemporaries**, though very pleasantly written, loses much of its solid value from the fact that the author has never lost the fear of being unpolite from before his eyes. He clings as resolutely to the safe commonplaces of panegyric as if he were a professional biographer, writing under the superintendence of the executors for the benefit of the widow. Fortunately for the interest of his book, however, M. de Reumont does not content himself with the narrow scope of a biography. The majority of his sketches are in reality essays in a biographical form. The lives of his heroes are scarcely more than incidental features in a discussion of the times in which they lived. This is notably the case with the first and longest of all these biographies—that of Cesare Balbo, which occupies the whole of the first volume. M. de Reumont cannot divest himself of German prejudices in his views of Italian politics, and yet he has seen and known too much of the Italians to be able to wish for a restoration of pre-Cavourian Italy. The impracticable compromises of which Balbo used to dream—such as the Federated Italy under the liberal Pope—were well-calculated to satisfy, to some extent at least, the conflicting partialities of his biographer's mind. The peculiarity of Balbo was the strong Catholic feeling, and the earnest appreciation of moderate counsels, which marked him in the midst of all his progressive aspirations at all periods of his career. His veneration for the Papacy showed itself long before the great Catholic reaction of this century had set in. As a youth, he was an officer under the Government of Napoleon, charged with various official duties in Tuscany and Rome. In the first, he served cheerfully enough, thinking little of the tyranny of which he was the instrument. But when he was transferred to Rome, and was an eye-witness of all the indignities that were heaped upon the Pope, his conscience was smitten. His description of his feelings, as coming from an advanced Italian Liberal, is curious:—

I was as it were struck by lightning when I received the new appointment. In Tuscany I had thought little or nothing of this usurpation. It had taken place at the cost of a dynasty which in a certain sense had been a sharer in a similar usurpation, to which I owed no allegiance, and in which I felt no interest. But here the robbed one was the Pope, the ancient Prince and Pontiff, the head of the religion which I had been brought up to honour and to love. In a word it was a usurpation, a wrong, a baseness standing before my soul. And I was called on to make myself a partaker in this baseness. I was struck down, troubled beyond conception, despairing; yet I had not the strength to resist and to decline.

This veneration for the Pope, this horror of usurpation, adhered to him through life. His employment under the Empire threw him into the ranks of the Liberals when Victor Emmanuel returned; but he never joined in their secret operations. He did not forsake his moderation, even though he suffered cruelly at the hands of the dominant party. When Victor Emmanuel was compelled by the outbreak at Turin to resign his throne and constitute Charles Albert regent, Balbo was one of the few men who attempted to dissuade the latter from any revolutionary enterprise, and to press on him the sanctity of his military allegiance. Nevertheless, when the royal power was restored, he fell under suspicion as having been one of Charles Albert's associates, and was driven into exile; and Charles Albert, with inconceivable baseness, though his own sins were shortly after forgiven, refused to say a word to exonerate the man who had been unjustly punished for complicity with him. The consequence was, that Balbo remained for many years in exile, and for a still longer period was removed from all part in public affairs. But these injustices had no effect upon his opinions. When the troubles of 1848 came, and so many wild Liberal theories were current, he was still using the influence which his martyrdom for liberty had given him to preach the policy of moderation and conciliation, and especially of tenderness towards the Pope, which he had held from his earliest years. In support of these views he even consented to form a Ministry under the King who had treated him so cruelly, in the moment of his greatest emergency, just before the outbreak of the Lombard war. His steady maintenance of the doctrine that reconciliation with Rome was the one indispensable condition of a durable Italian freedom, seems to have been the feature in his political career that attracted his biographer. M. de Reumont is willing enough to give up Austria to the censure of her enemies, if he may be allowed to denounce Piedmont and France, and all the other enemies of the Papacy. In the second volume, the tendencies which were natural in the biographer of the Countess of Albany show themselves more strongly. It opens with an essay on Frederic William IV., which is faintly and inadequately described by the word panegyric. The other sketches, with the exception of one of Thorwaldsen, concern personages perfectly unimportant. In the list are two English names—those of Sir Frederick Adam and Lord Guildford, the founder of the University of Corfu. Both these lives appear to have been selected for the purpose of introducing disquisitions upon the condition of the Ionian Islands, to which the author appears to have given a good deal of study. A translated life of Mustoxidi is appended for the same object. The author is not so hostile to the rule of the English as most Continental writers; but he gives a picture of our unpopularity which is anything but reassuring. It is always, however, wholesome that we should be warned of our weak points by friendly critics; and there is no one that can warn with so much chance of a hearing as the master of so fascinating a style.

* *Zeitgenossen. Biographien und Charakteristiken.* Von A. de Reumont. 2 Bände. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

The two new volumes of Varnhagen's *Diary** which have just appeared, are not less interesting than those which were published in the autumn. They extend from the beginning of 1845 to the middle of 1848. He lived in the constant intercourse of men of every shade of opinion, and his diary is an invaluable compilation of political gossip. His own views were Liberal, perhaps in the extreme, and are expressed in his diary with an intence and bitter intolerance of every one who differed from him. It would be difficult to find in any modern composition so much strong language levelled at political antagonists as is collected in these pages. As he was in the habit of meeting them not unfrequently, it is to be presumed that he talked very differently from his writings, and kept his epithets for the nightly entry. But his intense disgust at all that was going on around him, the worthlessness of the Ministers, the weakness of the King, the blindness and pettiness of the aristocracy, the despotic caprices of the police, and the fetters under which the Press groaned, seem to have preyed on his mind like a deep personal grief. They made him quarrel with everybody and everything. His diary while he is at Berlin is one long vigorously-phrased grumble—not only with the Court and the politicians, but with all with whom he had to do. His friends, his booksellers, his visitors, come in for their full share of his querulous invective. But the race of whom he could never speak without a savage sneer were the "Frommler," the Saints, who were produced in unnatural numbers by the genial sunshine of royal favour, and whose virtues and vices were alike repulsive to the Straussian Varnhagen. Hengstenberg is characterized as the "accursed parson;" and Bunsen, whether he does well or ill, acts liberally or the reverse, is always credited with the basest motives and the dirtiest aims. A good deal of this acrimony was physical. Varnhagen spent his winters in Berlin; and, consequently, as he was a martyr to rheumatism and influenza, a large portion of his residence at Berlin was passed in bed. But there was also a good deal of real cause for the political despair that embittered his soul. Among his remains, there is a fragment of a history of the year 1848, unfortunately not a quarter finished, but still written with more care and deliberation than the hasty jottings which his diary has preserved. In this sketch he gives a gloomy picture of Prussia as it was in the beginning of that year—how the diseased activity of the Government galled and hampered the citizen in every relation of life, and yet how everything went wrong from sheer mismanagement and neglect. The impressions which he conceived and conveyed of the then Prince of Prussia were anything but favourable. The then King was well-intentioned, and would have developed the liberty of his subjects, if he had only enjoyed some sound advice to guard him from the effects of his own prejudices and flightiness of temper. But the Prince of Prussia made it his business so to work upon all the King's weaknesses that his liberal intentions should in practice prove abortive; and the "pious" and aristocratic Court by which he was surrounded aided the Prince only too faithfully in his disguised resistance. The most curious illustration of the depth of Varnhagen's despair concerning the prospects of his country is his prophecy that, if the French were to cross the Rhine as liberators again, they would be received with open arms by the German people. There is a good deal more, however, in the book than Varnhagen's ill-humoured politics. Every summer it was his habit, in accordance with the national custom, to go to some German bath—generally Homburg or Kissingen—and at these he drops both his politics and his peevishness. Outside the narrow circle of Berlin intrigue, his interests become more varied and more calm. He meets people of all races and characters, and pleasantly records the impression they left on him, and the gossip in which they helped him to indulge. Occasionally, English travellers, well known among ourselves, play a part in the chronicle which the indiscretion of Mdle. Ludmilla Assing has given to the world. Mr. Grote, the historian, will be surprised, and no doubt gratified, to learn how accurate a register was kept of his opinions upon most matters, political and religious. Of his conversations with Mrs. Grote he only records the number, not the character. His first impressions of Lord Granville are that he is "jolly and blasé"—an estimate which he soon finds reason to change for one more worthy of its subject. The "Ungezwungenheit" of Mr. Monckton Milnes meets also with honourable mention. But it is fair to say that Mdle. Ludmilla Assing has so far learnt from her former errors, that she no longer commits the offence of recording Varnhagen's spiteful sayings against living men—except perhaps in the case of public characters. In the present volume, she never prints the names at length, except where the writer speaks of them with praise. It is only to be regretted that she was not warned by the universal outcry which greeted her edition of the *Correspondence of Humboldt*, to be more careful of needless insults to our Queen. The anecdotes that are retailed concerning her progress in Germany are not only insolent, but singularly vulgar. It is a pity that such valuable and interesting papers as those of Varnhagen should have been disfigured by blemishes which might have been so easily removed. But Mdle. Assing's political sentiments are too strongly pronounced to suffer her to omit a single sneer at a crowned head.

Dr. Flügel has published an edition of an Arabian work† upon the doctrines of Manes, from some manuscripts which have not been edited before. He accompanies it with a translation and a

commentary, together with an introduction collecting the extant facts that remain to us concerning the teaching of the great heresiarch. Considering the vitality which his opinions showed, and the length of time that a remnant of adherents in some part or other of Christendom was found to profess them, it is curious that our information concerning him should be so limited as it is. Dr. Flügel is convinced that a large Manichean literature may have existed in Syria, and that it is impossible but that some few relics of it should not be extant still.

A treatise on political institutions, based upon the deepest metaphysical reasoning*, is not a species of composition likely to be received with enthusiasm by English readers. The style of the book may be indicated with sufficient distinctness by quoting the heading of one of the chapters—"Concerning the relation of the State-ideal, the State in abstracto, to the concrete State." The manner in which facts are viewed may be indicated by the discovery which the author announces in one of his notes, that the education of the factory children under the half-time clause arises "out of political grounds of the most urgent character, intimately bound up with the aristocratic Government of England." His reasoning is generally inscrutable, but some of his results are curious enough; as, for instance, that it is immoral to use rifled cannon, in contradistinction to other cannon, in an offensive war.

The Jablonowski Association† at Leipzig have printed an Essay by M. Werner, to which they have awarded a prize, upon the history of the Clothier Guild in the town of Iglau in Moravia. It is a curious piece of fragmentary research, executed upon a very ample scale, and yet without any needless parade of erudition. Most of the important changes that have taken place in Germany in the course of the last five centuries found their reflection in the little town of Iglau; so that the records of the Clothier Guild throw many side lights upon German history. But of course the chief value of the work is the large increase which it brings to the existing lore upon the subject of these curious embodiments of the Protectionist theory.

The Life of Arthur Schopenhauer‡, by Wilhelm Gwinner, has the merit at least of being written by a hearty admirer. It is not to be expected that the world in general will appreciate or sympathize with that admiration. Schopenhauer was a metaphysician of more than usually abstruse leanings, who in many points exalted the office of intuition even more highly than Hegel or Schelling. His views never attracted very general attention, and his biographer complains with a good deal of bitterness and reiteration that during the greater part of his life he was an unrecognised genius. The principal proof of his genius upon which his friend insists, and to which indeed he devotes a whole chapter and a map, is the remarkable breadth of his skull. It was broader than the skull of Kant, Schiller, Napoleon, or Talleyrand. Beyond this, the manifestations of his genius had a tinge of excentricity. He disbelieved in patriotism, and believed in autocracy, so long as the autocrat was intellectually a little higher, and morally a little lower, than his subjects. In religion he appears to have been a strong materialist, with that strange leaning to occult causes which so often distinguishes materialists. When an orang-outang was brought over to Berlin he used to go and visit it daily as a representative of the "Stammvater" of his race; and he always habitually spoke of mankind as "the bipeds." All older beliefs on the subject of the origin and destiny of man he set aside with great contempt. But he was very indignant when such truths as mesmerism or clairvoyance were doubted.

Dr. Piper, Professor in the University of Berlin, has published a learned work§, oddly compounded of new things and old, sacred and profane. The first part consists of the martyrology and computus of Herrand of Landsperg, Abbess of Hohenburg, a work of which the richly illuminated MS. is preserved in Strasburg. It is accompanied by a learned dissertation on early calendars generally. Then follows, in the second part, a history of the Anglo-Saxon Calendar, its history and developments, down even to the present Prayer-Book, and the recent alterations of the Queen's Printer. As the Gothic Calendar only exists in fragments, the Anglo-Saxon is the oldest Germanic Calendar now extant. These two parts go fittingly together, being both devoted to the elucidation of the ancient arrangement of the fasts and festivals of the Church. But Dr. Piper appears to have thought that, while he was publishing, he might just as well send to the printer every bit of copy on which he could lay his hand. Unfortunately he had nothing ready which could form any link between the ancient Anglo-Saxons and the modern Prussians. Consequently, we go with a transition of startling abruptness from the Church Calendar of the Anglo-Saxons to the political annals of the years 1859 and 1860, containing among other things a minute account of the Italian war, and the Unity movement in Germany. Perhaps the arrangement is not an unwise one, though it is new. Dr. Piper's mediæval admirers may, if they are very enthusiastic, be content to buy his Church Calendars in spite of the political supplement at the end; and his political friends may

* *Staat und Gesellschaft vom Standpunkte der Menschheit und des Staats*. Von Joseph Held. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Preisschriften gekrönt und herausgegeben von der fürstlich Jablonowskischen Gesellschaft zu Leipzig*. viii. Leipzig: Henzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Arthur Schopenhauer aus persönlichen Umgängen dargestellt*. Von W. Gwinner. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

§ *Die Kalendarien und Martyrologien der Angelsachsen, so wie das Martyrologium und der Computus des Herrand von Landsperg, nebst Annalen der Jahre 1859 und 1860*. Von F. Piper. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

* *Tagebücher von Varnhagen von Ense*. 2 & 4 Bände. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate, 1862.

† *Mani, seine Lehre und seine Schriften: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Manichäismus*. Aus dem Fihrist des Abū'Isfahdch Muhammad ben Ishak al-Warrāk. Von Gustav Flügel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

perhaps swallow the mediæval preface for the sake of the political chronicle which it precedes. If this plan should succeed, it will be worth remembering as an ingenious device for doubling a doubtful circulation.

The *Greek and Roman Metrology* of M. Hultsch* is a useful school-book, or something more than a school-book, on a subject concerning which there is not much that is new, either in point of reflection or information, to be written. The mass of the book is devoted to the ancient coins of Greece and Rome. There is a short introduction concerning weights and measures, and a supplement touching the metrology of the other nations of antiquity concerning which we have information in the writings of profane authors. There is little discussion upon vexed questions in the science; but the book is raised above the rank of school-books by the copious references and citations by which each statement in the text is supported.

A new Review or Magazine, under the title of "*German Year-books for Politics and Literature*,"† has appeared during the past year, and has now reached a second volume. It is written upon the French plan, the authors attaching their names. The articles are chiefly political.

* *Griechische und Römische Metrologie*. Von Frederic Hultsch. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

† *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Politik und Literatur*. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, positively the last times, scenes from GULLIVER. Concluding with the Great TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
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On SATURDAY, March 22nd, DORAH, and other Entertainments, being for the BENEFIT of Miss LOUISA FYNE, and last night of the Season.
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

HEAR JOACHIM's third appearance on Monday Evening next, March 17th. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Miss Martin and Mr. Weir. Guineas the set for the Three Days, or One Guinea for each Ticket for One Day. Stalls in each Corner Gallery, Five Guineas the Set.

HERR JOACHIM will make his third appearance at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday evening next, March 17th, on which occasion he will sing Beethoven's quartet in A minor, op. 130; Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, op. 44; and join Miss Arabella Goddard in Mozart's duet in F, for violin and pianoforte. For full particulars see programme. Tickets at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

HANDEL FESTIVAL, 23rd, 25th, and 27th JUNE, 1862.

THE PROGRAMME OF ARRANGEMENTS on application personally or by post, at 2 Exeter Hall.
The Ticket Offices at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall are open for the disposal of Reserved Stall Tickets daily, from 10 till 4.
Post Office Orders to either Ticket Office to be payable at Chief Office, London, as well as Cheques to be payable to the order of GEORGE GOSNOLD, Esq.
Tickets Two and a Half Guinea the set for the Three Days, or One Guinea for each Ticket for One Day. Stalls in each Corner Gallery, Five Guineas the Set.

MUSICAL UNION.—Eighteenth Season, 1862.—The Record of 1861, containing a tribute to the late Royal President, has been sent to all the members; and containing will be rectified on notice being given to the Director. Nominations for the present season, forwarded in writing, will be promptly attended to. The eight Matinées will begin on the first Tuesday after Easter, and end on the 8th of July. Subscriptions payable to Cramer, Beale, & Wood; Chappell & Co.; and Ashdown and Parry. Tickets will be sent in due time. J. ELIA.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW READINGS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—On THURSDAY EVENINGS, March 26th and 27th, at 8 precisely, MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his DAVID COPPERFIELD (in six Chapters) and MR. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY from PICKWICK. Sofa Stalls, 4s.; Body of Hall and Balcony, 2s.; Area and Galleries, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL's, Publishers, 153 Piccadilly; and at AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
THOMAS HEADLAND, Secretary.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S HYACINTH AND CAMELLIA SHOW, Wednesday, March 19th, at South Kensington. Open at One o'clock. Band of 1st Life Guards at 2.30. Tickets 5s. 6d. each, can be had at the Gardens, and of the principal Librarians, Music-sellers, &c. Next Election of Fellows, March 21st.

THE CATTLE FAIR. By AUGUSTE BONHEUR.—Mr. Robert Crofts has the pleasure to announce that this GREAT PICTURE IS NOW ON VIEW, at the Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street.—Open from Ten till Five. Admission, One Shilling.

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The EASTER TERM for the Classes of this College will begin on MONDAY, March 31st. Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders. Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Subjects, Scholarships, and Examinations, may be obtained on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS at the College Office.
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Lady Superintendent.—Miss Hay.
Assistant.—Miss Rosalind Hoeking.

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The CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL provides a complete preparation for the highest degrees of the University, for the Indian Civil Service, for Woolwich and Sandhurst, and for any of the appointments now thrown open to public competitive examination.
The SCHOOL RE-OPENED on Tuesday, January 28th.
For Prospectuses, apply to either of the HEAD MASTERS; or to Messrs. BELL & DADSDY, 145 Fleet Street, London.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford, Public Schools, Civil Service, &c. A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS. Great Facilities for Modern Languages. Reside Residence. Address, Rev. M. A. Odon, Pavillon Lefebvre, Rue Sainte-Adresse, Havre, France.

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THE REV. DR. OVERBECK, formerly Professor of Philosophy at the University of Bonn, wishes to find employment as Teacher in Private Families, in a School, or in some Public Institution. He is a thorough Master of German Literature, a good Modern Linguist, and his attainments as a Classical and Oriental Scholar are of the highest order. For References and Testimonials to ability, character, and sound principles apply to the Rev. F. C. Cook, 17 Orsett Terrace, W., by whom this Advertisement is inserted.

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For further particulars address M.A. (No. 8), care of Messrs. Parker & Son, Oxford; or Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 6th March, 1862.

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 These Bonuses are not exceeded by those of any other Office.

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1815	£2372	£2409	£2446	£2483	£2519
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1825	1893	1912	1941	1970	2000
1830	1785	1792	1819	1847	1864
1835	1614	1630	1664	1699	1714
1840	1468	1481	1514	1557	1569
1845	1327	1358	1379	1406	1429
1850	1229	1248	1267	1287	1300
1855	1134	1153	1169	1187	1204

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The bonuses paid on claims in the 16 years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceeded £3,500,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—

£1,280,000 in the 3 per Cent.

£1,025,000 Cash on Mortgage.

£250,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.

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The Annual Income exceeds £400,000. Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1863; and in the order to be made for Retrospective Additions in 1870, he entitled to double the corresponding fund of any similar institution.

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JOHN HODGSON, M.A., Secretary.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

HEAD OFFICE—61 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY was held within the Company's Office, 61 Princes Street, Edinburgh, on MONDAY, 3rd March, 1862, in terms of the Constitution of the Company.

JOHN ANDERSON, Esq., Senior Director, in the Chair.

A Report by the Directors was read of the business transacted during the year 1861, in which the following results were recorded—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received during the year 1861, deducting Re-insurances, amounted to, and £18,856 6 above 1860. £38,766 0 0

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

785 NEW POLICIES had been issued, Assuring the sum of £37,626 0 0

And paying of ANNUAL PREMIUMS £10,553 0 0

In the ANNUITY BUSINESS 170 Bonds had been granted, for which was received the sum of £51,559 0 0

The ACCUMULATED FUND now amounts to £1,171,343 0 0

And the ANNUAL REVENUE to £11,655 0 0

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by GEORGE WARRICK, Esq., the Report was unanimously approved of, and the usual Dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up Capital of the Company declared, payable on the 7th of April next, free of Income tax.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

Read at an Extraordinary General Meeting, held at the Society's Office, on the 2nd day of January, 1862.

In conformity with the provisions of the Deed of Constitution, and of the Society's special Act of Parliament, the Directors have called the present Meeting, for the purpose of submitting to the Proprietors and to the Assured the result of an investigation into the affairs of the Quinquennial period, which terminated on the 30th June, 1861.

On that day the Society completed its thirty-seventh year; and the present investigation has fully realized those anticipations of success to which the Directors have given frequent expression in their Annual Reports.

It will be expedient, in the first place, briefly to trace the progress of the Society during the period now under review. This can best be done by a reference to a few of the more important items in the Account rendered at the last Division, the results of which were justly regarded with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The new Assurances effected during the five years just completed covered a total sum of **£1,486,370**, being an increase of **£62,215** on those of the former period.

The Income of the Society, which on the 30th June, 1856, was **£166,800**, reached **£195,400** on the 30th of June, 1861, showing an increase since the last Division of **£28,600** per annum.

The Assurance Fund rose from **£1,154,976**, in 1856, to **£1,422,191**, in 1861, being an increase of **£267,215**.

This increase in the Income and Assurance Fund is, however, far from indicating the full expansion of either. At the last Division, two new privileges came into operation for the first time, by one of which the value of the Reversionary Bonus then declared might be taken by the Assured in an immediate cash payment, and by the other, in a large reduction of the premiums during the succeeding five years. The amount then paid in cash was **£34,472**, whilst the reduction of premium allowed for five years exceeded **£3450** per annum. These modes of appropriation were embraced by the holders of 2282 Policies, 1673 of whom elected to take cash payments, and 609 the reductions of premiums for five years—a result most decisive as to the popularity of both privileges among the Assured.

The claims by death, including Bonus Additions, that accrued during the five years to June, 1861, amounted to **£464,580**, being an increase on the five years to June, 1856, of **£121,583**, and making the total Claims, from the commencement of the Society, **£1,621,874**. The increase, which naturally arose from the Claims under Policies on the lives of persons advanced in years, deserves notice, as illustrating how effectually the Society is fulfilling the object for which it was established.

The interest yielded during the period under consideration on all the Society's property, invested and uninvested, was on the average **£4** per cent.; thus fully maintaining the rate realized during the previous five years.

On the 30th June last, the number of Assurances in force was 7359, and the amount payable under them, including Bonuses, **£4,537,914**, being an increase in the Quinquennial period of 1100 in number, and **£719,154** in amount.

By the annexed statement of Assets and Liabilities, it will be seen that, after deducting the Proprietors' capital of **£50,000**,

The Assets on the 30th June last were	£1,422,191	18	8
And the Liabilities to the same date	1,132,744	11	7
Leaving a Surplus of	289,447	7	1

From this surplus the sum of **£50,000** must, in conformity with the Society's special Act of Parliament, be first set aside as a permanent reserve fund; and of the remaining **£239,447 7s. 1d.**, the Directors have determined to recommend the Division of **£237,000**, being the nearest amount convenient for distribution. The amount divided on the last occasion was **£195,000**.

Of the **£237,000** now to be apportioned, on-sixths, or **£39,500**, will fall to the Proprietors, and five-sixths, or **£197,500**, to the Assured, yielding a Reversionary addition to the Policies of **£275,077**. In this sum every Policy on the participating scale of premium, existing on the 30th June last, will share, in exact proportion to its contribution to the funds of the Society since the last Division.

The satisfaction with which this result must be regarded, and the confidence with which it will be accepted by both Proprietors and Assured, will be further strengthened by a consideration of the measures that have been taken to ensure its unquestionable accuracy and perfect safety.

As on all former occasions, the valuation of the Liabilities has been at once rigorous and minute. Each Policy has been separately valued and independently checked, and all the multitudinous details of the Bonus Apportionments have been determined with equal care. The Carlisle rate of Mortality, on which the Office Tables are based, was employed; 3 per cent. was the rate of interest assumed throughout all the calculations; and none but the net premiums were taken into account. The profit to be divided is, therefore, *profit actually realized*—every encroachment on, or anticipation of, future profits having been scrupulously avoided. Of the Assets it need only be said that, as heretofore, they are in every case sound and unimpeachable.

The Reversionary Bonus of **£275,077**, before mentioned, will average **48** per cent., varying with the different ages from **33** to **89** per cent. on the premiums received since June, 1856, on all the Policies among which it will be distributed. The Bonus declared in 1857 averaged 46 per cent., and varied from 31 to 85 per cent. on the premiums of the previous five years.

The Cash Bonus, which is the present value of the reversionary amount, will, on this occasion, average **28** per cent. of the premiums received in the present Quinquennial period, as against 27 per cent. at the last Division. This cash return is among the *largest* ever given by any Office, and strikingly exhibits the measure of the Society's success.

There is yet one other illustration of the comparative results of the present Bonus that will doubtless be acceptable, as pointing to the large reductions of premiums that may be expected from accumulated Bonuses. It will now be at the option of **176** Policy-holders to relieve themselves of all further payments whatever on account of their assurances, by the surrender, in some cases, of the whole, and, in others, of a part only of their Bonus additions, their Policies at the same time having the right of sharing, as fully as at present, in every future division of profits at which such Policies may be in existence. The number, in 1852, to whom this benefit was available, was 11 only; in 1857, but 60; whilst now, as has been stated, it has reached **176**.

In concluding their Report, the Directors cannot refrain from combining with their hearty congratulations as to the results of the past, anticipations not less cheering as to the prospects of the future. The statements that are now before the Meeting have revealed no sign of pause, much less of retrogression. They have, on the contrary, demonstrated that, with matured strength and increased solidity, the Society maintains all its early elasticity and vigour. Ample reserves, resulting from cautious modes of valuation, have secured to it many sources of undeveloped profit for future realization and division, whilst the economical management and careful supervision of its funds will contribute in no small degree to their steady accumulation. These considerations leave no reasonable doubt as to the fuller expansion of the Society's operations, and justify the confident hope of its increasing prosperity and usefulness.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES ON 30TH JUNE, 1861.

ASSETS.										£	s.	d.
Funded Property—viz.,	£255,000	Stock	234,170	11	0
East India Stock,	£25,000	54,000	0	0
India Bonds,	£20,000	19,820	0	0
Mortgages	934,460	14	0
Advanced on Life Interests	146,358	0	0
Freehold House for the Society's Offices	12,730	0	0
Value of Bonuses on Policies belonging to the Society at other Offices	9,795	3	3
Premiums, Dividends on Stock, and proportion of Interest due	36,314	14	7
Agents' Quarterly Balances	15,611	12	3
Balance at London and Westminster Bank	8,658	7	9
Cash in the Office	319	15	10
Total Assets	1,472,191	18	8
Deduct Proprietors' Guarantee Fund	50,000	0	0
Consolidated or Assurance Fund	1,422,191	18	8
LIABILITIES.										£	s.	d.
Value of Policies effected on the Participating Scale	874,360	8	5
Value of Six Bonuses already declared	186,703	5	5
Value of Policies effected on the Non-participating Scale	40,020	19	0
Value of Annuities	2,089	10	7
Dividends due	2,860	0	0
Claims by Deaths which occurred before 30th June, 1861, unpaid	21,848	4	0
Due for Rates, Income Tax, Commission, and sundry Expenses	2,362	4	2
Surplus	1,132,744	11	7
Deduct Reserve Fund, pursuant to Sec. 32 of the Society's special Act of Parliament	289,447	7	1
	80,000	0	0
Available for Division	£239,447	7	1

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1862, and Persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of Profits over later Assurers.

Tables of Rates, Forms of Proposal, and further Information, can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents; or of
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